Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00 if not paid during the year.
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Apprentice for Vest Making Wanted.
AN apprentice to learn the Vest Making. Wanted by a respectable Vest Maker. Apply at Mrs. Thompson's No. 8 Lodge's Court, Arch street opposite Friends' Meeting House. june 4—3t*

William Topham.
COPPER Plate Printer, back of 124 Market street, below Fourth street, where Maps, Charts, Certificates, Bill and Exchange Checks, Notes, Drafts, Portraits, Views, Heads of Bills, Drug Bills, Printers' and Visiting Cards, Sugar Bills, Watch Papers, &c. &c. be neatly printed on reasonable terms. may 28—6w

WANTED,
AN apprentice to the Copper Plate Printing business. A good steady boy will meet with a good situation. Inquire at No. 52 South Fifth street, between Walnut street. may 28—3t

GOVERNESS.
A YOUNG lady wishes a situation to teach young children. She has had some experience; is capable of teaching the elements of Music on the Piano, Dancing and the elements of French. Terms would be moderate. Address to A. B. care of the editor, post paid. may 28—3t*

REMOVAL.
WE have removed our CLOTH STORE from No. 6 Dentist street, to No. 11 South Third street, next door below the Mechanics' Bank, where we shall keep constantly on hand a large and general assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Trimmings, with the usual variety of men's summer stuffs, to which we respectfully invite the attention of our friends and the public. SHOEMAKER & LOVE.
may 28—6t

NEEDLE WORK!!!
200 WOMEN wanted to make common Cassimy, such as Pantaloons, Vests, and Round Jackets, to whom constant employ will be given. Apply at the basement of No. 18 John, near Callowhill street. ISAAC J. PHILLIPS.
may 28—3t No. 18 John Street,

THE STUDY OF BOOK-KEEPING.
C. C. MARSH will commence teaching in this city, in next May, according to future notice. april 16—tf

Thomas Earle,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 59 Philadelphia Arcade, East Avenue, up stairs. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Insolvent Petitions, and other writing, drawn on moderate terms. jan 22—tf

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!
THE highest price will be given in CASH for Wool, washed on the sheep's back, or washed after shearing, at the Good Intent Factory, near Blackwood Town, New Jersey, or at No. 15 Market street, Philadelphia. G. NEWKIRK.
may 21—tf

DAWSON'S ALE AND PORTER.
JOHN C. RUHLMAN, 18 Franklin Place, informs his friends and the public that he continues to Bottle Dawson's Ale and Porter, and a choice assortment of Wines, which he offers on reasonable terms. Orders for the country punctually attended to. Families supplied as usual. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Bed Posts. march 5—3m

BOOTS & SHOES.
F. & C. Plummer & Co.
INFORM City and Country Dealers, that they have an extensive assortment of men's, women's and children's coarse and fine Boots and Shoes for sale, at their manufactory, No. 45 Market street, (3 stairs.) Orders thankfully received and promptly filled, by F. & C. PLUMMER & Co.
april 9—6m

Bristol Boarding School.
THE Pupils (boys) in this Seminary are carefully instructed in all the usual branches of an English education, by
DAVID LUKENS.
march 12—3m

McKOY,
ORIGINAL Brand and Stamp Cutter, No. 5 Tammany street, Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, continues to make and cut Brands and Stamps of all descriptions, for Millers, Carpenters, Housekeepers, Bottlers, &c. Also, Brickmakers Dockers of all kinds, Turning in Iron, Brass and Steel; Screw Stocks, Taps and Dies made and warranted.
N. B. Pierced Plates for marking boxes, bales, &c. made to order as above. june 4—3t*

Northern Liberty Brush Manufactory,
NO 256 North Second street, opposite William Mettler's Hotel, Philadelphia. The subscriber manufactures all kinds of Machinery Brushes of the most reduced prices. He returns his grateful acknowledgments for past favours; and he hopes his moderate prices, the quality of the articles and strict attention to all orders, will ensure him a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed by the public. july 3—ly THOMAS R. BAIRD.

Sunday Excursion.

STEAMBOAT Philadelphia, Capt. Kellum will leave Arch street Wharf on Sunday morning next at 7 o'clock, for Burlington Beverly and Bordentown returning the same afternoon.
Fare up and down.....75 cts.
Up or down.....50 "
☞ To Tacony.....75 "
Breakfast prepared on board.
Office north east corner of Arch and Water streets.
may 21—tf

WATCHES, &c. &c.
THE subscriber offers for sale a great variety of Gold and Silver Watches; likewise a handsome assortment of Jewelry, consisting of gold watch chains, gold guard chains, seals, keys, ear rings, finger rings, silver table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, ever pointed pencils, gold and silver spectacles; a large assortment of musical boxes, in sheet and tin cases, with a variety of low priced jewelry; all of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, at the lowest cash prices. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to
JOHN C. FARR,
88 Market street, one door below Third street.
march 19—tf

SCHUYLKILL COAL,
Reduced in Price.
THE subscriber is prepared to execute orders for Schuylkill Coal of a superior quality at $4 50 per ton of 2240 lb. delivered on board of vessels, in quantities not less than a cargo, at his wharf, Locust street, on Schuylkill.
The Coal offered to all the first quality, it shall be carefully raked and put on board as free from dust as the nature of the article will admit. The terms cash, or approved paper with interest added.
Coal, of the same quality as that offered above, will be delivered to consumers, carefully screened, in such quantities as may be required for domestic purposes, at $5 50 per ton of 2240 lb. Application may be made at the wharf, or at the Schuylkill Mine Hill Coal Office, No. 136 Arch street, 3d door above Fifth st.
march 26—tf SAMUEL P. WETHERILL

THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO, VENICE.

The Piazza di San Marco contains within its limits the most magnificent and striking edifices in Venice, and presents to the eye of the traveller a picture of no common interest.

In traversing the area of the Piazza di San Marco, the mind of the stranger is almost confounded with the varied recollections which it presents. The centre of an imperious republic—the great mart of Europe for so many centuries—the inner shrine of the temple of pleasure—the scene of many a dark intrigue, and of many a deed of blood and violence—in every point of view it offers associations more striking than any other city of Christendom can afford.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
Changed not so fast for many and many an age
As this small spot. To-day 'twas full of masks,
And lo! the madness of the carnival,
The monk, the nun, the lady lorgnette, masked.
To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel;
And he died there by torch-light, hooded and gagg'd,
Whose name and crime they knew not.

When Venice was the principal mart of the civilized world, the Place of St. Mark was celebrated for the singularity of the scene which it presented in the varied assemblage of persons from every quarter of the globe. Evelyn was struck with the spectacle. "Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations which were seen every day in the streets and piazzas—Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Sclavonians; some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium, which is always crowded with strangers."

But the palace of St. Mark was not celebrated only as the great mart of Christendom; for there did not exist in any city of Europe a spot of ground so devoted and dedicated to pleasure as the space enclosed within its arcades. Deprived as Venice is of any other considerable portion of the terra firma, the Piazza is the only place in which the population can assemble for the purposes of public festivity and enjoyment.—Here were celebrated all the great triumphs of the state; and here were represented those characteristic national ceremonies with which the Venetian government was accustomed to stimulate the energies of its citizens. The effects of this system are even yet visible in the demeanor and expressions of the people, while the pageants which reminded them of their former glories have passed away. A Venetian of the lower ranks threatening to avenge himself upon his neighbor will exclaim, "I will make a war of Candia upon him." One of the most singular of the public spectacles exhibited in the Piazza di San Marco was the annual tribute of the patriarch of Aquileia. During the twelfth century, in the time of the doge Michiel the Second, or according to some authorities of Angelo Partitiato, the patriarch of Aquileia having ventured to oppose the republic was made prisoner. In order to obtain his liberty he submitted to the payment of a singular tribute, which for centuries, as the period of its annual payment arrived, excited the pride and the derision of the Venetians. He engaged yearly to despatch to Venice a bull and twelve hogs, which were supposed to represent the patriarch and his twelve canons. After being paraded through the city, the animals were led to the Piece of St. Mark, where their heads were cut off in the presence of the doge, and their quarters distributed amongst the people. In the course of time, for the sake as it is said of display ing the spectacle two more bulls were substituted for the hogs. In the early part of the last century the ceremony was still continued, and was witnessed by our countryman, Mr. Wright.

"The grand shows are in the piazetta, just before the doge's palace. One of them looks more like an execution than a diversion, or 'tis, if you please, a pompous piece of butchery. A decollation of three bulls, which are led there in great state, surrounded with the bombardieri, halberdiers, and a world of other armed attendants; drums beating and trumpets sounding before them. Those that perform the feat have a great sword of three or four inches broad; some assistant a hold the head and others the tail of the animal, which, besides keeping him steady, (for there is no block under,) puts the parts of the neck to the full stretch, and with one blow the executioner separates the head from the body."

The story-tellers, so popular in Italy, the legitimate descendants of the minstrels and jougleurs of the middle ages, have always found a ready and delighted audience in the Piazza di S. Marco. Even yet, though much of the spirit which used to animate these exhibitions has vanished, a crowd of eager auditors may still be seen listening to the marvellous relations. With crossed arms and eyes fixed upon the ground, the Venetians form a silent circle round the narrator, while at their feet children of every age seat themselves in attitudes of equal attention. The skilful artist, having secured the sympathy of his audience, works up his story to its catastrophe, which often consists in the casting away of a poniard, or the angry rejection of a letter, an act which he imitates by throwing his hat among the crowd, who are expected to return it filled with a remuneration suitable to the interest which its owner has excited.

Among the diversions formerly exhibited in the Piazza di San Marco was the barbarous sport of bull-baiting, not as practised in the Spanish bull fights, but more nearly resembling the barbarous exhibitions of our own country. "On the Sunday following," says Mr. Wright, "the doge's palace was become a perfect amphitheatre for the Caccia del Tauro, in plain English, a bull-baiting. The poor animal is turned loose into the court of the palace, and an unmerciful number of dogs at once set upon him. You see dogs, bulls, and barberolle all in a heap together, within his serenity's court; but this is to be taken as another instance of the Venetian liberty, where the meanest of the people may make free with their prince." Baretti has described a similar spectacle at Ancona. It appears that the Corsican dogs, which were accounted the fiercest in Italy, were employed in this sport.

A singular spectacle, formerly exhibited in the Piazza di San Marco, is said to have been peculiar to the Venetians. A number of men, skilled to the exercise, [illegible] assistance of poles placed upon their shoulders, into a living pile or pyramid, consisting of four or five rows rising one above another. The number of persons in each tier or story is of course less than in that immediately beneath it, so that the weight of each tier becomes less as the pyramid rises. The summit is generally formed of a little boy, who at last leaps down into the arms of one of the men below, and the whole body is in the same manner dissolved.

Addison has mentioned this exhibition as illustrating a passage in Claudian:

Men piled on men in active heaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TRIBUTE,

To the merchants and others of this village, who out stripped all praise, during the inclement season of the past winter, in their charity to the poor, providing the sufferers with wood, food, &c. The Ladies must not be forgotten. Ever alive to that heaven-born feeling, and with a hand ready to relieve, they stood as usual at the head of the holy band of philanthropists.

If Heaven can smile at human deeds,
And angels shed a tear
Of joy, 'tis when pale pity pleads,
And charity sincere,
With mercy's melting hand and heart,
Drives want from sorrow's door;
Bids grim disease to haste depart,
And misery mourn no more.

How little dream the rich, the gay,
Upon their down beds warm,
How many pine in slow decay,
How many feel the storm
Of poverty, and winter's ire,
Crying in vain for bread;
Shivering before the dying fire,
Or on the scanty bed.

Among the sons of luxury,
How few e'er think of those
Who drink the draught of misery,
And feel life's thousand woes:
But, oh! how pleasant to be traced
The path of charity—
A green spot on the world's wide waste,
A sunbeam on the sea.

There is a rich reward for those
Who with the poor condole,
That like a tide of transport flows
Upon the gladden'd soul;
Ay, a delight which none can feel
But those who bear the cry,
And answer to the heart's appeal,
In pity's weeping eye.

Such was your meed, ye gentle friends;
And more reward is yours—
For he who gives the poor but lends
To God, who all restores;
And you, oh gentle women! you,
In gent heaven shall give
The brightest bow, and justly due,
To hear the bliss to live.

Milford, Del. MILFORD BARD.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

Though I have intruded on yourself and readers some fictitious narratives, I hope a statement of truth may come from the same hand.

Some time in the course of last winter I was enjoying that most invaluable of all my enjoyments, the company of some excellent young women. As usual the conversation was desultory, nor do I remember the previous observations which excited my remark, but I did remark:—that, "in my opinion, one of the most severe losses a young woman could meet, was in the death of a kind, tender, and attentive brother."

One of my auditors very feelingly replied, "I know not what I should do were I to loose one of my brothers."

These few and touching words made a deep impression on me, though no apprehension was felt that the trial was to be speedily undergone. The speaker in obedience to fraternal feelings spoke, and soon after in obedience to saterly feelings, went two hundred miles to soothe a married sister in moments of peculiar delicacy; and while absent, one of her brothers was brought to the paternal roof to linger and to die.

It is known to those who knew them both, how fondly they were attached, and how speedily would the sister have flown home to receive a last view of a face she never saw but in smiles. It is known to every one whose heart ever felt kindred affection, that, of all the sacred wishes of the human soul, not one other is so strong, or so ardent, as to receive the dying expressions of those loved in life. In the present case, as soon as the real danger of the brother was ascertained, letters were on their way to warn the sister of the loss she was to encounter. These letters, from the neglect of the Post Master, remained two weeks in one of the intermediate offices, and in the interim ——— passed from earth.

This is no novel, it is true, and no longer since than yesterday I saw the pale and weeping sister, who, for the first time, found her father's house one of desolation.

The United States' Post Office is a department differing most essentially from any other department. The Post-Office is the property of the citizens, and yet, for its use they have to pay and pay highly,—and pay when the service is rendered. It is also a monopoly, carried on by agents irresponsible to those who defray its expense and suffer by its abuse.

Individual instances of hardship are passed lightly over by those who ought to reflect that these some are the components, and I boldly say the best components of the nation.

MARK BANCROFT.

It is a beautiful trait in the history of the American government, that it has never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished a single individual for state crimes! No renegade minister grows immortal there by "saving the constitution and crushing the hydra of jacobinism," at the expense of human blood and human happiness. I am delighted to find that the more popular a government grows, the more mild it becomes; and that the glory of dispensing with the services of the hangman in political affairs, was reserved for the first government erected and conducted by the people—by those whom the planners of our bloody treason and sedition laws chose to designate as "a ferocious rabble!"—*Scotchman.*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ON SEEING MISS M——.

Go, model and to Maria go,
And with the near this relief vie,
Tell her 'tis nearest, true from art,
And acts in concert with my heart,
Hard she looks, and frowns the while,
'Twill take the semblance of a smile;
But if asked, she scorns it—Near
'Twill melt that moment in a tear.

Fly, model, and let the fair one know
'Tis her's in her my soul to view—
Arr'y'd in beauty's loveliest gown—
She steps, to my bliss or wakes my woes,
While all were in the same intent,
My thoughts all on her were bent;
Her smiles to kingdoms I'd prefer,
And I could only gaze on her.

Haste, haste, my model once more intrude,
And wet her in the dress'd me rude;
Ask if that use of engaging form,
To each observer's always new—
Perhaps that youthful bosom yet,
Hath not endearing object met—
Ah, me! what fears, ere to my pen,
Who replied wing her virgin love.

While life's transcendent moments pass,
While beauty blooms and youth endures,
A thousand scenes will lovely rise,
And what they fancy, every heart
For me modell'd, should be mine—
My humble verse must all succeed;
Yes, Alexis, to my lines attend,
And to the lover mark the friend. O. S. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES,

Now while deep silence reigns o'er moor and waste,
And cheerless is the starry vault above,
Through lonely paths and flowery dells I'll haste,
To seek in some lone bower my own true love.

And there alone we'll take a last farewell,
For far from all that's dear to me I roam,
Perhaps I'll never return, the sea may find a grave,
Or pale disease may mark me for her own.

Fond memory now recalls those happy hours,
So oft beside the gentle stream we've strayed,
And roamed the glen to cull the choicest flowers,
To thy own dark luxuriant hair to braid.

Or seated in the bowers refreshing shade,
When the meridian sun shot forth his rays,
We've watched the warblers sporting on the glade,
And listened to their joyous notes of praise.

Hard is the fate that dooms me thus to part,
From all the one dear loved youthful scenes and thee,
And unprepared, alas, no sorrow to feel
This cruel blow of dark adversity.

Farewell! my native vales no more for me,
Will thy gay charming warblers sweetly sing,
No more reclined at noon in thy sweet bowers,
I'll breathe the freshening balmy breath of spring.

But memory unchanged thy cherished keep,
Amid the lonely cheerless waste of years,
Till death shall bring a last eternal sleep,
To cover me forever from this vale of tears.

BARNES.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have found it! I have found it! as Archimedes exclaimed as he ran stark naked through the streets of Syracuse, when he had discovered the principle of the hydrostatic balance; I have found it! am sure it not that the good people of Philadelphia might look upon the act as ridiculous, and perhaps even go so far as to call it indecent also. I am not sure that I should not imitate the great Syracusian mathematician in the expression of my joy at having made the greatest discovery, which, even in this age of discoveries and inventions, has come to light. But, as the manners and customs of the age and country, in which we live differ in many respects from those which could boast of the existence of Archimedes, perhaps my best mode of making known the intensity of my joy at the discovery, and at the same time giving the public the benefit of it, will be to prevail upon you to insert it in the columns of your widely extended and highly respected paper.

That the discovery is of the utmost importance, both you and all men must acknowledge; nay, that it exceeds all discoveries that have been made before it, and cannot be outdone by any that shall succeed it. That it will give universal joy wherever it is made known is equally certain. This I am convinced of, because, ever since the balloon sleeves, pudding sleeves, blown-bladder sleeves, or by whatever other appellation you chose to designate them, made their appearance and deformed the shoulders of the ladies, I have puzzled my brain to find out what could induce the sex to adopt such a hideous, ridiculous tasteless fashion. I assure you, sir, that I have thought of the matter so deeply, felt such an anxiety about it, and puzzled my brain on the subject to such a degree, that from being as fine a portly fellow as ever paraded Chesnut-street, I am now reduced to a mere skeleton, as thin, sir, as a north-country whipping post, with scarcely an ounce of flesh upon my bones. In short, sir, my proportions, once so elegant, are now reduced so as very much to resemble those of a yard of tape; and my cheeks which used to exhibit all the glow of health and manly beauty, are now loose and flubby, and so thin and transparent that my noddle would make a good substitute for a lantern, and all this from fretting and thinking, and trying to find out the reason that could induce ladies to wear the abominably ugly sleeves with which they deform themselves. But I have found it at last; and now that the great discovery is made, I shall be easier in my mind, and may recover my good looks again. I hope also, that all who read this will be relieved of their anxiety; for all mankind must have been anxious to know the reason why womankind take such pains to render themselves hideous.

But I am keeping back the narration of the discovery that I have made. Well, Mr. Editor, I hope you will excuse me. I never like to keep any one in suspense, and therefore will come to the point as quickly as possible; but from the transport of joy that I am in at having made so great a discovery, I cannot help congratulating myself and the male part of the public upon it; and if I be a little verbose it cannot be helped.

Many great results have arisen from apparent trifles: this is the case with my discovery; and the circumstance establishes the fact, that improvement and instruction may be derived from reading any thing. But to my story:—

Sitting in a place where I had leisure to peruse a piece of waste paper which I held in my hand—it happened to be part of a leaf of a cookery book, I found a recipe in it beginning as follows—the remainder was torn off: "Bone the larger half of your shoulder, lard the inside with well seasoned larding, let it be tied up in the shape of a balloon, lay some"—*cetera deserut;* but what I have quoted is sufficient to convince any one that the reason why the ladies have adopted the outrageously large sleeves is, to shew men that they study the cookery-book, the ladies' bible, and that they adopt the directions therein given.

It is true, indeed, that we only see the outside part of the work, and all that our optics inform us is, that the shoulder is "tied up in the shape of a balloon," but this recipe tells us that the best half of the shoulder is "boned," and that the inside is "larded with well seasoned larding."

With regard to the meaning of the word "bone," I felt myself a little at a loss, and referred to several dictionaries for satisfaction. Dr. Johnson, and Walker, give no other explanation of the verb to bone, than to take out the bones, which cannot by possibility be the meaning intended, or else we should not only have our ladies balloon-shouldered, but also crippled. On referring to the Slang Dictionary, however, I found the meaning satisfactorily explained. And here I cannot refrain from remarking how much we are indebted to the lexicographers of slang for the preservation of many valuable words and phrases which through the mutability of our mutable language, become obsolete, and would, were it not for their care be entirely lost. This valuable dictionary tells us that "To bone signifies to steal." This, then, must be the meaning of the word as used in the passage which I have quoted from the cookery-book, and thus it must be understood by the ladies who deform themselves with balloon sleeves, not only to show that they profit by what they read, but that they can steal shoulders as well hearts.

How good, how amiable in the ladies to make frights of themselves merely for the sake of letting the other sex know that they understand the sublime art of cookery, and that they are therefore excellently calculated to make good and notable housewives! This is the interpretation of the thing; and whenever I see a lady with balloon sleeves, I imagine that I see emblazoned upon them in characters not intended for the eye but for the understanding, "I understand making puddings, boning shoulders, and cookery in all its branches."

Pray, Mr. Editor, make this discovery known and you will at once do a service to the ladies by explaining their hieroglyphic, and to the unmarried men, by giving them to know that wherever they see balloon sleeves, the wearer is a notable housewife, and hardened inside with well-seasoned larding.

Yours, in ecstacy, SOLOMON.

Written for the Casket.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE,
OR THE COURSE OF CRIME.

Coelum quem petimus stultitia.—Hor.
——Scarce the gods and heavenly crimes
Are safe from our audacious crimes.—Dryden.
Judex at in jevre caco
Nascuntur domini.—Persius.
"Our passions play the tyrant in our breast."

Travelling through the Atlantic States, some few years since, for information, I luckily, though accidentally, fell in company, at Richmond, Virginia, with two intelligent and pious gentlemen, who I discovered in conversation, were travelling on the same route with myself to Charleston, in South Carolina. I say I luckily fell in with them, for Providence had designed that I should receive a lesson from them which years should not obliterate, and which was destined to create a new era in the very principles of my mind and faith. I was young and just ripening into manhood. Strange as it may seem, yet it is no less true, that from the age reason fully developes itself, I had constantly been allured by the rhetorical tinsel and false reasoning of modern infidelity, and while I pursued with untiring zeal, the study of such authors as Paine, Voltaire, Mirabeau, d'Alembert, and a host of others; I never gave an hour to the perusal of Holy Writ. I then had no taste for the grandeur of eloquence and the sublimity of poetry, which are to be found in the scriptures; and, short sighted mortal, I measured the endless chain of revelation by the finite rule of reason without once considering that reason leaves off at the precise point where revelation commences. The hour which began my acquaintance with the two strangers was also the beginning of a revolution in my existence and opinions. And, no doubt, had not the hand of Heaven brought us together, my destiny had been temporal and eternal ruin. This was the first time I had ever known the benefit of good company.

Morning dawned upon the beautiful city of Richmond, and the clamorous sound of the horn gave us warning of the hour of departure.—There were no passengers save the two strangers and myself, and all things being adjusted, and bidding adieu to our host, we departed.—And here it is necessary that the reader should identify the two strangers. The one an old gentleman, supposed to be seventy years of age, though but sixty, as I afterwards discovered, was about six feet high, and of slender and apparently wasted form; whose white silvery locks, pale and furrowed face and sunken eyes, impressed the mind with the idea that he was but the shadow of what he once had been. Dressed in a full suit of the finest black cloth, and his garments being of the form of those worn by the clerical functionaries, I at first supposed him to be a minister, though he was not. His manner was serious, and it was evident, occasionally, that he was unhappy. The younger stranger, but thirty-five years of age, was sedate and serious, though apparently happy in his condition. He was a well-formed man, though under the middle size, with light hair, florid countenance, and the most pleasing and benevolent expression in his face I ever beheld. His dress was no more remarkable than his features, being attired in dark blue cloth, of the form worn by pious people.

Such were the two strangers whom I accidentally encountered, but can never forget. The lecture which I received from them, on the deleterious consequences of crime, can never fade from my memory, while my heart continues to pulsate. It was probably owing to my dress, which was in the extreme of fashion, and my conduct at the first village on our route, that I received the benefits of a conversation that cannot be forgotten. My conduct spoken of was in calling for a glass of brandy, which was preceded with a tremendous oath. The old man was at my elbow. Suddenly he stretched forth his aged hand, trembling with emotion, and laying it softly on my head, burst into tears, but said nothing, for his heart was too full to speak. Had a shaft of lightning descended from Heaven at that moment, it could not have stunned me more. His manner, his countenance, his attitude, and his tears were irresistible.

We were again in the stage coach on the road, and it seemed as though the circumstances just mentioned were forgotten. The conversation turned on a variety of topics, such as the growing infidelity and dissipation of the day, and the improper course pursued by many parents in educating their children, and at length settled down on infidelity, as though Providence had directed it for my good. I, through pride, as many other young persons do, took up the argument on the side of infidelity; but I was soon driven from my post by the powerful arguments and feeling appeals of the old gentleman.

"I knew you were an infidel," said he, "by the manner in which you called for the glass of brandy."

"And by what sign," I enquired.

"By a recklessness in the act," said he, "which, from long experience in the world, I can easily penetrate."

His countenance brightened as he spoke these words, though a tear was stealing down the furrow in his face.

"You have been brought up in an improper manner," he observed, "and would to Heaven you were all I have known who have been directed to take the first step in vice instead of virtue." And another tear rolled down his cheek. "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," he continued, and remarked that the mind of a child was as a blank sheet of paper, on which it was in the power of the parent to write good deeds or bad, and the direction would be given in like manner.

"Good or bad impressions," he said, "never fade from the mind when made in youth." To this the other stranger, rising up, responded.—"And there is nothing more certain," said the old gentleman, "than that virtue leads to happiness, and all things desirable here and hereafter; and vice to ruin, wretchedness, and misery eternal."

"But," said I, "how can the belief in scepticism lead to wretchedness."

This seemed to be the climax of the conversation he desired, and he proceeded accordingly.

"Scepticism," said he, "takes off the restraint laid on our evil passions by the fear of hereafter, and hence comes a recklessness of character, and an indulgence in vice, which you know, no doubt, to be true." I could not deny the fact. "And," continued he, "you have every thing to lose. If religion is but a dream, and christianity a shadow, its possessors will be as safe as you after death; but should they prove realities, how will you be disappointed." The thought startled me, and I could not answer.—"A belief in Christianity is the very bond of union in society, humanizing man and rendering a savage a harmless brother, besides being the passport to everlasting felicity hereafter. Now, until you can introduce something better than Scepticism to supply the place of Christianity I will not agree to part with it. A religious belief is a benefit to society, even if it did not extend beyond the grave; for it has been known to wrest the dagger from the hand of the midnight assassin, the pistol from the suicide, and the fear of death from the heart of the dying malefactor."

His arguments were irresistible; I was convinced of the error of my opinion, and promised to read the Holy Scriptures in the same spirit of earnestness that I had read the Sceptics.

The conversation continued throughout the whole of our tedious journey, until it was suddenly arrested, as we came in view of the ruins of a once flourishing seminary, a few miles from the city of Charleston. The driver was ordered to stop, while they contemplated a spot, which was not unknown to fame, and seemed to have a powerful influence on the minds of the two strangers. I saw nothing extraordinary in the situation, being the ruins of a small seminary, with a rural yard in front, interspersed with trees. I observed them both weep over the ancient wreck of time, and assumed the boldness to ask the cause, as we stood surveying the scene.

"Yon little arbour, beneath the spreading oak," said the old gentleman, "was once the scene of innocence to many children, but to one it was the prelude to a catalogue of the darkest crimes that ever the eye of humanity wept over. Many worthy men have sat and played beneath that tree, but one poor boy, by the improper bias given to his mind by his parent, was destined to pass through a short life of crime and suffering, such as has seldom been equalled."

He ceased, applied his kerchief to his face, and wept sometime. When recovered, and seated in the stage coach, I begged him for the recital of the story, which, after some hesitation, he proceeded to relate as follows, while I attentively caught every word as it fell from his venerable lips.

"The history which I shall relate," said the old man, composing himself, "is the history beginning at the innocence of childhood, and proceeding, step by step, from crime to crime, up to manhood, and the worst of crimes. Francis Roland, a shipping merchant, well known in the city of Orleans, married early in life, an amiable and pious young lady, who proved to be the best of wives, and the cause, in a great measure, of his success in realizing an independent fortune. She was not only the companion of his leisure hours, and the soother of his occasional woes, but she was his counsellor and adviser, and his true friend in the hour of need. She was not of the fashion of modern ladies, who think their husbands are designed only to acquire wealth for them to spend in the giddy vortex of dissipation; nor was she of that species of wives who serve only to suggest new luxuries and splendour. She was emphatically a pious woman, and well adapted to her husband, who was of a hot and impetuous character, and with all a confirmed sceptic. As with the most of mankind prosperity was a condition the most difficult to bear of any he had experienced, for in exact proportion to the advancement of that prosperity was his estrangement from the path of rectitude, and all that is held sacred among men.

It was a jest with him that Heaven favoured the righteous, "for," said he, "there is Tom Summerville, as religious as bigotry can make him, and yet is forced to be my servant to support his family."

"It may readily be supposed and asserted that such a father was not calculated to educate a son. And yet that father had an only son.—Many bitter tears the pious mother shed over the fearful destiny of her devoted child, in whose path she seemed like a presiding angel.—But the father's will was imperative and determined, and what could that mother oppose to the headstrong determinations of a faithless infidel. She could do no more than weep, for the child, was imbued with the disposition of its father, and the natural proneness to evil. Nevertheless, until six years of his life had passed, she brought him up, according to Solomon, in the way he should go. Alas! had the father yielded the prerogative entirely to her he might have grown up in the fear of God, and lived to be an ornament of human nature."

A large round tear rolled down the face of the aged narrator as he pronounced the last sentence, and some moments elapsed ere he proceeded.

"It was not until the father had acquired great opulence that he removed with his family from Orleans to Charleston, to escape the prevailing fever which then raged in the former place. With him removed also his trusty labourer, the pious Thomas Summerville, with his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and daughter, a lovely little girl. Through the earnest entreaties of the mother, Frank Roland was sent to the seminary which you saw in ruins; though his father declared he cared not whether he had much education or not, as money was the grand desideratum in this world and he would have enough of that through life, unless the much talked of Providence could rob him of it. With him Summerville sent his son and daughter to the same seminary. Frank, however, had drank too deeply of his father's principles, and he already played the man in his fashionable dress, and in drinking drams and playing cards. He could also swear as boldly as his father, and reason against the points of scripture he had been taught to contemn. His mother remonstrated, but in vain.

"It was one pleasant noon in summer when at the seminary that I strolled through the ground, and approached, unseen, the arbour which I pointed out to you. Concealed in the shrubbery, I beheld Frank Roland, Will Summerville, and two or three other boys seated."

"You know," said Frank to Will Summerville, "that my father is rich enough, and I wont get any lessons, for I shall never have any use for 'em; and if mother was to undertake to make me get on my knees, like yours does, I'd cut a shine or two."

"Ah!" returned Will, "you will have a use for both before you die."

"Hugh!" responded Frank, "I expect to hire you some day for my servant, just like my father does your father now."

"But, suppose," said Will, who was an industrious and intelligent boy, "that the wheel of fortune should happen to turn over, and turn me up and you down? Queerer things than that have happened."

Frank, unable to answer, turned off among the trees, and taking an old pack of cards from his pocket, called some of his comrades to play with him.

"Such were the two boys, Frank and Will, and such they grew up. In the mind of the former had been instilled the worst of principles, while the latter was brought up in the way he should go. At the age of manhood Will received from his pious father and mother their united blessing, and what little money they could give him, and went off in the spirit of adventure, no one knew whither. His sister, Julia, who remained with her parents, had also grown up a lovely girl, with all the charms of her sex. Now came the opportunity for the poisoned mind of Frank to take its first step in irremediable crime. With an overflowing purse he had been hunted by all those lions who go about seeking whom they may devour—I mean the members of drinking clubs and gambling houses—nor needed he much persuasion. Habit, that powerful despot over the passions, soon fixed upon him the irrevocable chain, and he became the devotee of petty intemperance and gambling. I say petty, because it was at first only voluntary and occasionally, and the sums lost and won of but small amount. And thus it ever is; vice proceeds from positive to superlative, by regular and insensible degrees.—By contemplating vice the mind becomes inured to that from which at first it started and shuddered with horror. So it was with poor infatuated Frank, who, instead of meeting with the denunciation of an offended father, was cheered on his way as a young man of spirit and adventure, whose judgment would reform him after he had learned the ways of the world. But, alas! time only tightened the chain.

"Returning one evening from a gambling house, chuckling at the sums he had won, and hot with wine, and high in blood, the evil destiny of the fair, the beautiful and accomplished Julia Summerville, threw her in his path.—Though to his mind he had acknowledged her to be lovely, he had never seen her so fascinating as at this moment. Unpractised in the duplicity of man, and innocent even to an idea of vice, she always paid him that deference which she considered his due from the fact that her father was dependent in a measure on his. She was, therefore, flattered with any attention he choosed to pay her, as an honour unmerited and unexpected. It is lamentable that vice generally singles out innocence for its victim. It is natural for us to judge others by ourselves, whether virtuous or vicious, and the gentle heart of Julia being constant, supposed that of Frank to be so. He paid his addresses to her regularly, but privately, and finding that her mind was guarded by the sentinels of early and pious admonitions, he attacked her on that side prudence had left unguarded, save by innocence, which was at last dazzled by the glare of fictitious promises.—Never dreaming that she could become the equal partner of his fortune, she was so elated at the promise of marriage, made sacred by an oath, and the illusion being so complete, that in an evil moment the precepts of her aged parents faded from her mind, and she became the victim of a licentious and lawless libertine. If there is a hell hereafter, what dungeon will be too deep for the destroyer of innocence, and the parent who could applaud such a spirit. Yet he who knows any thing of human nature will find that the prodigal libertine son in many families is exalted in favour over the virtuous. It would have made your heart bleed to have witnessed the agony of the poor girl when she discovered that all her hopes of happiness were but the hallucinations of an excited and deceived imagination. But the destroying angel, for she loved him more than ever, though his passion was abated, was not yet satisfied. He enticed her from her father's roof ere he had learned any thing of the circumstance. The aged father demanded his injured daughter, still willing, though polluted, to take her back to his fold. But his demand was rejected, despised and eluded. The thought that his once virtuous child had become the victim of a seducer, buried reason from her throne, and she died a maniac chained to the cell of an hospital. This was a severe stroke to the mother of Frank, and her constitution sunk gradually under the blow. It would be well in life if the crimes of an individual would bring misery on none but himself. And did this arrest the career of the infatuated youth? Nay, vice was never known to stand still when the mind is idle. He fled with the ill-fated Julia to Philadelphia, and after some stay, and becoming disgusted with the ruin he had made, suddenly deserted her, without leaving her a penny, and came back to Charleston, with the vain hope that the excitement had ceased. It is said that he who swears will lie, and Frank had a lie upon his lip when he found a prosecution talked of, that he had married the ill-fated Julia in Philadelphia. Some months passed and Frank Roland became more intemperate, with the hope of drowning or blunting the stings of conscience, for the early precepts of his mother still occasionally came across his mind like ministering spirits to his better judgment.

"The gentle spirit of his mother still occasionally reasoned with him, but to no purpose; the chains of habit were rivetted too tightly to be severed by feeble hands. The news now arrived from Philadelphia of his treatment to the ruined Julia, and that she had, through fear of starvation, and in despair at her father's death, gone to one of the haunts of vice to support a miserable existence. Public indignation now arose to an unlimited height, and the father of Frank, to screen him from the effects, secretely placed him on board one of his ships, with a cargo of cotton, and other articles, bound to Orleans.—Here, after disposing of his cargo to a vast amount, he repaired to the gambling rooms in that city, where so many have been enticed to eternal ruin. One-fourth of the cargo was soon lost, and in hopes of winning it back he ventured and lost another fourth, when he returned to his lodgings in a state not easily to be conceived. This he knew would enrage his father; but after a sleepless night his infatuation was not abated, and not content with the loss of half, he played again and lost all. As the last dollar fled from him a desperation seized him with a sense of suffocation, and he rushed from the room with an intention to destroy himself.—Such human n

take effect, and his doom was sealed. Frank advanced eagerly, and sarcastically observed—

"Now to clip the vein of your heart," and fired.

The ball passed in at the right breast and through his heart. With a stifled scream the unhappy victim sprang a foot or more from the ground, drawing his knees upward, and fell dead upon the field. Never were there beings who looked more like fiends from hell than those who stood gazing on the bleeding victim. Young Roland fled from the spot, but knew not whither to fly from the horrors of his own situation. The words of Delaval, that his life would be one of misery, haunted him continually, and in his broken slumbers the bloody spirit of the murdered Delaval stood before him, and he awoke to anguish unutterable. But alas! it did not open his mind to a conviction of his miserable situation. So unyielding are the chains of habit, and so infatuating the blandishments of the syren of vice, that the victim is hurried on deeper and deeper, and though his better judgment, in the hour of retribution, should wish a change, it is seldom equal to the gigantic effort required, and each time it is baffled, it loses in proportion the former resolution, till the soul is given up to perdition.

"Young Roland turned his thoughts towards home, and he shuddered at the idea of having squandered a fortune in so short a time and in such a manner. The memory of youth and childhood, and the sacred admonitions of his pious mother, came over his memory, and he felt a mental ball burning in his distracted brain.—He rose, grasped the decanter, poured out a large draught, and swallowed it at one gulp, to deaden the acuteness of his reflections. He was soon intoxicated, for he had kept sober that he might do the murder more certainly. In this situation, daunted by nothing, he set sail under an assumed name for Charleston, and arrived at night. Who can speak his astonishment when he found the whole street of buildings, owned by his father, in ashes, which it appeared were in flames on the very day he had murdered Delaval. After inquiry he found his father's new residence, and arrived just in time to see the last moments and hear the last benedictions of that pious mother, whose untimely end had been occasioned by his own unhallowed conduct. The news of his conduct had arrived before him from Orleans, and gave the death blow to her already shattered constitution. Any mind but that of a demon would have been melted into penitence by her words. But the bloated form of her once darling son stood beside her with the mark of Cain on his brow, and all tenderness seemed to have passed from his heart. But his father wept incessantly; he was no longer an infidel, for he saw the hand of Providence in his disaster, for before the cold corse of the heart-broken mother was committed to the dust, the news arrived of the loss of Roland's two ships on the coast of Africa in the late storm. This completed the ruin of Roland's fortune, for he had lost in the fire, besides the buildings, a vast sum of money, independently of that which his son had thrown away at Orleans in gambling.

Adversity often brings men to reflection, and thus it was with Roland. He now saw plainly that the will of heaven had been necessary to the acquisition of fortune, and had taken it away as a just punishment and to teach him to be thankful. The motto which he had given his son when he sailed for Orleans, dwelt upon his mind. That motto was, hell or fortune. But though misfortune had imbued the father's mind with a spirit of repentance, the seed of vice were too deeply planted in that of the son, to be rooted out. He looked upon his father as an apostate from his principles, and upbraiding him, he left him, and secretly sewing on the ship in which he had sailed to Orleans, he set sail no one knew whither.

Three years afterwards it was known that he landed at St. Salvador, in the island of Cuba, after touching at Havana. There he sold the ship, and applied himself to the study of villainy. He discovered a widow lady who was very wealthy, and by using a variety of stratagems, won her consent and married her. In the course of six months he had converted all her property into doubloons, and in a short time it was found that the lady was missing, no one knew how, and that young Roland, with the enormous sum of twenty thousand doubloons, had sailed in a ship bound to Boston.

It seems that Providence, or some supernatural power, always defeats the designs of the wicked. Young Roland had escaped from the West Indies, and was congratulating himself on the vast sum of his ill-gotten wealth, when to the leeward was discovered a piratical vessel making for them with crowded sail. Though flight was attempted, it was in vain; and the pirate overtaking them, boarded the ship and commenced the work of slaughter. Fearful of death, though a skeptic, young Roland to buy a miserable life, turned pirate and joined them in the work of death. The captain, who had connived at the villainy of Roland at St. Salvador, was the first to meet his fate, being shot in the mouth while on his knees begging for mercy. Young Roland stabbed with his own hand the second mate, who had jumped overboard on the passage, to save the life of Roland, who had fallen in the sea, and must have perished. He had now become hardened in guilt, and mercy had no place in his heart.

After all were despatched, a contest arose about the division of the cargo and money, which at length grew very high, for Roland contended for the right of all his gold. At length it was privately proposed to butcher Roland, and thus have all, which he overheard, and in the night time seized one of the boats and escaped. The next day he was observed by a Philadelphia merchantman on her return from China, and taken up in a miserable condition, without money, for that had been seized, and but few clothes. In this condition he arrived in Philadelphia. Destitute and reckless, he now began to consider how to procure the means of subsistence, for he had never been taught how, and would not now work. Recollecting he had some papers which he had found in the captain's trunk, he examined them, and found the names of several merchants in Boston and New Orleans. Here his evil genius opened the way to a new species of crime, though that genius did not protect him, for just as he was about to conclude in his skeptical notions that he was invulnerable to detection, he was seized for forgery, having executed the draught in so bungling a manner. He was accordingly thrown into prison that evening, and the next morning it was found he was gone, but not known whither.

As the sun sank beneath the horizon the next day, he entered the city of New York, having disposed of the watch he had preserved, to pay his passage. An advertisement arrived in a day after, but as no one knew his real name, and as he had exchanged clothes with some person, he was not easily discovered. After strolling through the city in hopes of a victim, he entered a wholesale store in one of the most busy streets. What was the surprise of the owner on seeing a ragged, wretched man, stretching forth his hand and calling him by name. The merchant fearful of some design, stepped back and observed "I do not know you sir."

"What!" returned Frank, "Will Summerville not know Frank Roland?"

Mr. Summerville, with a feeling heart, sprang forward and grasping his hand, asked in the name of wonder what had reduced him to that condition.

"Ah!" said the miserable Frank in a mortified tone, "the wheel of fortune has turned over once enough, and turned you up and me down."

Frank then related the burning of his father's house and the loss of the ships, but suppressed the story of his villainy.

"And how are my parents and relations," asked Mr. Summerville, "whom I have not heard from since I left them?"

"All well," returned Roland with averted eye.

"And my dear sister?"

"As handsome as ever," said Roland, and evidently with the view of changing the topic asked by what means he had ascended the wheel of fortune.

Mr. Summerville told him he must remain and partake of his hospitality and he would tell. Had a rattlesnake fastened its fangs in the heart of Frank, it could not have been more severe than the last sentence; the prophesy of the little Will Summerville in the schoolyard had proved so true. But necessity forced him to accept.

"Well," said Mr. Summerville, as he sat down in an elegant parlor after Frank had partaken of a delicious breakfast, "my tale is brief, but full of instruction to young persons. When I came to New York I had but twenty dollars, with which I paid my expenses until I procured a situation as clerk in this store, then the property of Mr. Sanderson, in whose employment I was diligent and scrupulously honest, as I had been taught to be. I had been with him two years, and had entirely established my character, when I began to feel some queer though delightful sensations on account of his amiable and beautiful daughter. I feared his disapprobation and kept to it to myself, and I believe she did the same under a similar feeling. But he had noticed our partiality, as I discovered afterwards. It seemed as though my good genius acted in my favor; for one day by a smooth and honest stroke of policy in speculation, I made him a clear ten thousand dollars, which had he followed his own discretion, he would have lost. He was pleased with me more than ever after that, and the next day called me into this same parlor and let me know his good wishes for my welfare, and asked me what he should do for me. I hesitated, and was blushed. He then called Elvira into his presence, and after saying he had noticed our partiality, asked if her hand with her consent, would be agreeable. I nodded assent, while she blushed. "Then win it," said he, and left the room, muttering as he went, "you are worthy of her." A month elapsed, and I had the felicity to call her mine. Eleven months after he died, and having no wife, and but the one child, the whole of his large estate fell to me. I expect to bring my dear aged parents and sister to live with us in a short time. This is my story, and you are welcome to stay at pleasure and live with me on the top of the wheel of fortune, where Providence has been so kind as to place me. But do not think from my language that I sport with your misfortunes."

Envy burnt in the bosom of Frank at the recital of Mr. Summerville's story, and still keener was his agony when he called forth his amiable Elvira and his little daughter; to introduce them to his old schoolmate. Frank, however, remained at the house of Mr. Summerville, engaged in planning wicked stratagems. Mortification preyed upon him continually, and gnawing his heart yet he concealed both. One day he had gone out, and returned considerably intoxicated on the money his friend had given him. As he entered the room he discovered a wretched emaciated female in the arms of Mr. Summerville, and the whole family weeping over her. After the first transport of recognition was over she was released from his arms, both having been unable to utter any thing but exclamations on seeing each other. She turned her once beautiful blue eye upon Frank as he entered, and uttering a shriek, fainted in the arms of her brother, for it was no other than the unfortunate Julia Summerville, the victim of Roland's duplicity. She did not recover for some time, and it was thought advisable that she should not be disturbed until the next day. Therefore, to the satisfaction of Roland, the cause of her alarm was hid in obscurity that night.

That night was a night of horror and of unexampled crime. All had retired to rest, and the unfortunate Julia with a servant girl to minister to her wants. Roland lay in his bed until midnight, devising some scheme to avoid the exposure which the next day must give birth to. At length he arose, put on his stockings, and taking a black cloak from the banisters of the stairway, proceeded on his hellish expedition. He arrived at the destined door, and opening it softly, stole in and by moonlight gazed on the pale and emaciated face of her whose sorrows he had brought upon her, and who had sacrificed all that life holds dear, for his sake. Nor yet could this human his ferocious soul, nor could the still beautiful ruin of what she once was, excite in his mind one feeling of humanity or mercy. There she lay, after years of misery, nor yet was she safe from the destroyer in her brother's house. But so hardened in guilt, it is not strange that her sorrows should in his mind be light compared with the fear of exposure, especially when it is considered that his schemes were matured, and were delayed only for an opportunity to be carried into force, against the unoffending man who then sheltered him beneath his roof, and fed him with his bounty. The unhappy bosom of Julia gave vent to a sigh over her dream of sorrow, and the murderer alarmed, sprang forward in the shade of the room and grasped a pillow to smother her, not perceiving that the head of the servant girl was on that pillow. Aroused from her sleep, and alarmed at the object she saw, she screamed aloud and alarmed Mr. Summerville, who at that moment was awakened, rising from his bed, rushed into the room and seized the assassin. The watchmen were called in, and Roland was carried off to safe custody. Poor Julia, aroused by a sense of suffocation, for the pillow was applied before the alarm was given, related the dark deed, and also her former injuries, the fear of the exposure of which, had led to the present. When she recited the arts he had used to destroy her innocence, and the consequent unhappy death of her father, Mr. Summerville hung upon the arm of his wife and wept aloud, and at the sequel sank insensible into her arms. The idea of his sister's unmerited miseries, who had unavoidably mingled for a long time with the lowest dregs of degradation, and the memory of his father's cruel death, dwelt upon his mind, and often called forth the unsophisticated grief of his sorrowing heart. Though indignant at ungrateful outrage, Mr. Summerville felt more of pity for the guilty wretch, than of hatred and revenge, for he was a follower and practised the precepts of the blessed Saviour. Mercy was his motto, and that magnanimity which can pity and forgive the wretch who wrongs, was one of his noblest attributes. He said the man who rendered evil for good was like a demon; he who rendered evil for evil, like a man; but he who returned good for evil, was a christian in the spirit of the word.

Young Roland was brought up for examination, and a bill being found upon him, he was thrown into a dungeon to await his trial. Insensible to all remorse, he now caused his fate, and the parents who gave him birth, and the hour he was born. At length the trial came on, and excited general curiosity; but by a quibble in the law, the guilty Roland escaped the penalty. Not yet dead to the shame of ingratitude, he dared not return to the house of that friend against whom he had meditated vengeance. Believing more than ever, that all things were governed by chance, and that he should always escape, he went to a gambling house in the lower part of the city, and with some money remaining which Mr. Summerville had given him, won several hundred dollars. It was now supposed that he had left the city; but he had only retired to a remote part to mature new schemes of wickedness. In a short time it became rumoured in the neighborhood that he was exceedingly wealthy, and of course that rumour gave him an easy entrance into the family of Mr. Welburne, a wealthy tradesman, who had retired from business. Being a handsome man, and well dressed in the fruits of gambling, Mr Morton, for he had changed his name, soon became agreeable in the eyes of Louisa Welburne, a gay and giddy girl of seventeen. From frequently hearing him speak of his estates in Pennsylvania, and noticing his regular deportment, for he now kept sober, Mr. Welburne thought it would be a good match for his daughter, and treated Morton accordingly. Morton, for the sake of begetting confidence, and making secure of his victim, suggested that Mr. Welburne should write to Pennsylvania to know his character and the amount of his wealth, not expecting he would do so. Welburne, however, wrote to a person who knew Morton, and received an answer that he was wealthy, and of good character. Roland had heard of this Morton in Pennsylvania, and hence his assumed name and deep laid scheme. Unluckily the letter of Welburne did not state that Morton was in New York, or the plot would have been unveiled. Thus Roland was enabled to gain the consent of Louisa, and having obtained that of her father, preparation commenced for the nuptials. Roland laughed in his sleeve at his successful villainy and prospect of fortune; but on the day of his triumph, and the day the marriage was to be solemnized, the bolt of fate descended from heaven, destined to put an end to his career of wickedness. Thus vengeance on the wicked is everysure, however long delayed.

He had proceeded to an office to settle some preliminaries, not far distant from Summerville's house, and being elated with wine and the dreams of approaching success, he inadvertantly wrote his name on the bond, Francis Roland; but for which he would not have been known. Thus Providence uses trifling means to bring about great events. Roland was seized and thrown into prison. The next day he was brought forth and confronted with the pirates, who had been taken. At first the wonder was, where proof could be had, as the ship's crew were all murdered, and each pirate had sworn in prison he would not give evidence against his comrades. But lo! while Roland was congratulating himself that his God, chance; would favor him with another escape, one of the ship's crew who had secreted himself in the forecastle when the others were murdered, and lived some days on a barrel of biscuit, appeared to the condemnation of the astonished Roland and the pirates. He had escaped from the pirates by creeping from the forecastle while they were carousing at night in the cabin, and throwing a barrel overboard, had by that means reached the coast and arrived at New York. He had witnessed the hellish tragedy, and now gave evidence against them. For this and his sufferings, the poor sailor was made happy for life by Mr. Welburne, in consideration that he had been the means of snatching his daughter from the arms of a murderer.

After an open trial, they were with Roland, condemned to die, and the sentence had not been pronounced many days, ere a messenger arrived from St. Salvador, in pursuit of Roland, who it appeared had confined his wife whom he married in Cuba, in a dungeon to starve, when he escaped with her property. She was found in chains, lying upon her face, just expiring, and lived only long enough to relate the cause. No one for a long time knew whither he had fled, until a reward enticed the confession from a person who had aided in her imprisonment. The agent sailed for Boston immediately, but not finding him, came to New York after he was condemned.

The poor deluded father, who had trusted in his own strength, and trained up his only child for the gallows, now came to see the last moments of that son, who, had he been brought up in a christian manner, might have been an ornament to the world. But adversity and sorrow had changed the heart of that father, and brought him to a knowledge of his helplessness without God. He was a christian in the true sense. At the house of Mr. Summerville he met with a kind reception and a future home.—What must have been his feelings when he entered the dark dungeon to see his once much loved and innocent child clad in the chains of a condemned criminal! Bursting into tears, he threw himself upon his neck and sobbed aloud; but not a tear stood in the eye of young Roland, who sternly asked him if that was a sample of the philosophy he had once taught him. All exhortation was in vain; his heart was hardened against repentance. But it would be false to say he was fearless of death; he was still flattering himself that by chance he should yet be liberated, which delusion he entertained until the day before that appointed for his execution. That night the horrors of death came upon him, but it was too late; for the mercy of God seemed to be withdrawn, and it appeared to him that the idea of annihilation to him was ten fold more terrible than the horror of dying unprepared. He had never seriously thought of death, and now it came upon him with the surprise of a clap of thunder in a clear sky. At the suggestion of the minister he attempted to address the throne of mercy, but he said he could not feel the import of his words. After midnight he requested his father, the minister, and others, to leave him to himself, which they accordingly did, after witnessing an awful scene. In his gloomy dungeon he remained till morning, alone; and when his father and the minister entered, they observed apparently another being sitting with his back against the wall, his chains clenched in his hands, and his eyes fixed, and his face distorted, as if contemplating with agony, the spirits of his murdered victims. They knew him not until they approached and found him cold in death, his hair having changed from black to white, occasioned by the intensity of the fear of death. Thus perished a youth who, had he been bred up to the precepts of virtue and christianity, might now have lived and shone one of the brightest stars among the good and wise. As an infidel he died—

And left a skeptic's name to other times
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

As the old gentleman concluded the melancholy narrative, he wiped the tears which had flown plentifully, as well from his eyes as those of the younger gentleman. After a day or two the two strangers departed, and it was not until they were gone, that I discovered the father of Frank Roland in the old gentleman, and Mr. Summerville in the other stranger. The old gentleman had become a minister of the gospel, and though grief had given him the appearance of seventy, he was in fact but sixty years of age. With Mr. Summerville he occasionally resided, and came with him on a visit to Charleston, on some business, and to gaze once more on the scene of earlier years.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MARKETS.

THE MARKET.—The Philadelphia market at this season presents a pleasant array of plants, besides fruits and vegetables, not to be surpassed by any market in the world. We have strawberries, cherries, new potatoes, cucumbers, and peas in every variety, and abundance.—After the order and beauty of our city as such, the utility and splendour of Fair Mount and its associate Water Works, we know of nothing of which a Philadelphian has more honest cause to be proud, than the excellence of our markets.—*Bucknell's Reporter.*

FLOUR AND MEAL.—We have to note a further decline in superfine flour, sales not exceeding 1500 barrels having been made at $5 25, and one or two small lots prices to be determined by future sales. To-day it was freely offered at $5 25, but there are no enquiries, and there is a tendency to a further decline. Considerable shipments have been made on owners' account, and are still going on, they preferring the chance of a foreign market to a certain loss at home, but the stock still on hand is large. The export of wheat flour from this port to foreign ports during the last month was 54,210 barrels, of which 39,136 barrels were for Great Britain, and since the 1st January, 1831, the amount is 107,615 barrels, 112,365 barrels of which were for Great Britain. The export of flour to foreign ports in May, 1830, was 59,351 barrels, and from the 1st January to 31st May, 1830, 129,076 barrels, 86,587 barrels of which were for Great Britain. Rye flour is dull, and has sold at 3 87½. Sales of corn meal in barrels at $3 25, and 200 bbls. to the early part of the week at $3 75; a lot of 250 bbls. has since been taken at $3 6, but it may be bought at $3 75. The export of corn meal during the last month, to foreign ports, was 969 bbls. 1720 barrels.

GRAIN.—No transactions in wheat reported; our quotations, although reduced, are nominal. But little corn at market, and no demand for shipping; sales have been made at a decline in last week's prices, and taken by dealers, who have placed it in store. Rye is in demand at quotations. Oats have been scarce; southern is worth 37 cents, Pennsylvania 40 cents.—*Philadelphia Price Current.*

CORN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, May 6.—Our Corn market is extremely dull and depressed, since the heavy import of Flour a week ago, the demand has been almost suspended, and yesterday 4000 bbls. of fresh Philadelphia was sold at the reduced price of 34s. brl. duty paid. There are no buyers even at that price to-day, and inferior Flour is totally unsaleable. Western Canal is nominally 35s. to 36s. per barrel; Wheat 8s. 5d. to 10s. per 70lbs. The last weekly average of Wheat was 70s. 5d., making the aggregate 71s. 6d. per qur. so that the duty remains at 6s. 8d. qur for wheat, and 4s. brl. for flour, but next week the duty will most probably be 10s. 8d. qur. The spring has thus far been very favorable for the crops.

Saturday Evening Post.

Circulation between nine and ten thousand papers weekly

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

MAYOR'S OFFICE.

MONDAY, June 6.

Owing to our ignorance of the new arrangement made on Saturday, in the time of examining the prisoners, which has been changed from seven o'clock to five, we missed nearly all the cases that were examined this morning. We are glad however that the time is so altered, as attendance at the office does not interfere so much with our regular duties as it did. Much of the most pleasant part of the day is uselessly lost to hundreds and thousands, who have become habituated to indulging themselves in the morning, because they are not capable of throwing off the sluggish habit.

A watchman in the neighborhood of Schuylkill Front and Chesnut streets, was much annoyed on Sunday morning, by some individual who appeared to be following his steps, and who invariably cried the hour, immediately after the watchman. For a long time the echo continued. Did the the watchman pause longer than usual?—So reply also paused. Did he cry at short intervals?—so did the voice. Did he cry long, and deep and loud, or soft, weak and low, it was all the same—the voice which replied was a most capital imitation. It made a similar noise in every respect, and resembled so much the tones of the watchman that even he began to doubt and think and think and doubt, until a hundred canvas for so singular a phenomenon were taken up, examined and exploded. He could see nothing which emitted the noise, although the fact was so evident, and although it appeared to be but a few yards distant from him. He began at last to think the affair nothing matter, and who would have thought it less so? Had he lived a century sooner, a ghost or a hobgoblin would speedily have been conjured up, if only in honest Dogberry's imagination, and if he survived the catastrophe, his voice would never cease warning the stranger against approaching the dismal spot. But we live in an age of realities, not of romance; in the time of much wise-bibbing and drunkenness, not of spectres and phantoms, and our watchman cautiously pursued his way onward, till turning a corner in the vicinity of the river, he came suddenly on the object of all his disquiet and wonder. There, seated on a log, sat the prisoner, whom we saw at the bar, on entering the office this morning. It was he who had been tantalizing the watchman, by crying the hour after him. There he sat in a state of most glorious independence—he had a right, he said, to make as much noise as he pleased, for sure he was a citizen! This morning he was sober, and he candidly informed the Mayor, that he had, some time ago, made a promise never to drink any more liquor *in the city.* This he religiously kept; but on Sunday, feeling a great disposition for a wee drop, to know how it tasted after a long abstinence, he crossed the bridge and got drunk over the river, to avoid breaking his vow! Fined and discharged.

AN IRISH CHRISTENING.—A family from the neighborhood of Little Pine and Eighth streets, were placed at the bar. There were two or three women, and five or six men and children. All bore, on their bodies, marks of violence, and in their countenances much ill will against each other, although they were all connected either by consanguinity or marriage. We found much difficulty in getting at the real state of this affair. As far as we could learn, however, some member of this family had a christening on Sunday night, to participate in the joys of which the prisoners at the bar were invited. Matters passed harmoniously enough, until about eleven o'clock, when each had imbibed a larger share of brandy than was necessary to promote good will and fellowship, and they got to loggerheads. Mr. Felix M'Girr who appears to occupy the house, was anxious to get clear of his visitors when they became unruly. He gave Mr. Smith and wife a gentle hint to *get* erect, but it didn't take—Smith got in a passion, and told M'Girr he had no right to order him out of the house. Mr. Bracken bearing the noise, came from up stairs—put his hand on Smith—a hatchet was used as a shillelah by somebody, and heads suffered—Mrs. Smith was beaten, according to her story, murdered—Patrick Sweeny was up stairs, came down and got a beating—in short all looked much the worse for the conflict, Mrs. Smith in particular, appearing much distressed. They were all bound over.

TUESDAY, June 7.

A fellow who could not be still, although he was in custody, was put at the bar. He gave his name Jemmy Holland from the vicinity of Albany, a late arrival in the city. He was seen yesterday afternoon in Coombs's Alley, in the middle of the street, a stone in each hand, and a mob of some hundreds shouting after him. For his rioting he was arrested by some constables, but he bit, kicked and fought till he got off again. The inhabitants were obliged to shut their doors and windows, as Jemmy was favoured by a select few, who were determined to "see him out." Last night he was found at Race and Fifth, cutting his antic capers much to the amusement of another mob. He was seized, and again commenced his biting and kicking, but he was put in limbo. He begged hard this morning to be let off—he said he had a wife and three children—was out looking for lodgings,—had met one friend from "over the water," and then another, and drinking with each was "too many" for him. —Committed.

The next prisoner was a resident of Wagner's Alley, whom the watch had taken out of his own house, for behaving unruly to his wife, and disturbing the peace. His wife this morning was very anxious to get him clear. She said her husband was a hard drinking man—usually drank gin—but when mixed liquors were given him he got crazy, as was the case last night. The prisoner made an eloquent defence. Among other things he said his house was a house, and he was a respectable man,—that the interference of the watch was unwarranted—that every married man, drunk or sober, will have words with his wife occasionally, and it was nobody's business. Fined and discharged.

Robert Craig, a laughter-loving genius, as his countenance and manners indicated, was put at the bar, charged with a no less offence than sleeping in the street, with no covering, but the wide spreading canopy above. He said he had been working on an oyster boat yesterday, and that the captain had treated him—his head got giddy, and he could not find the way home. He flourished an oyster knife with a peculiar grace, —said he was a capital hand at opening an oyster, and so we should judge from his manner of holding it. Fined and discharged.

Canal Intelligence.

The navigation has been somewhat interrupted by small breaks, near the aqueduct, at Duncan's Island.—We learn, however, that the water will be let in to-day. We observe, by a Huntingdon paper, that the canal has been used as far as that town. One boat arrived on the 19th, one on the 20th and five on the 25th ult.

The clearances at the Collector's Office, in this place, since our last, amount to 50—the tolls $475 36.

UNION CANAL.—"Our Lebanon Correspondent gives us the following gratifying intelligence:

"The whole amount of tolls received on the Union Canal during the week ending on the evening of the 28th ult. was $2918 99

On the descending trade alone, ... 1848 45

"The whole amount of tolls received during the week ending on the evening of the 28th ult. was $2388 15, and on the descending trade alone $2241 60."—*Har. Intel.*

From the Fredericksburg Arena, June 3.

On Tuesday last, Silas Fugett, aged about nine years, whilst bathing in the Rappahannock, opposite the town, not being able to swim and getting beyond his depth, was drowned. Efforts were immediately made to recover the body, in which a man, named John Holland, particularly distinguished himself. He had been thus engaged for some time, and, after resting awhile, re-entered the water, and as is supposed, was taken with a cramp and sunk. Had the slightest suspicion been excited that he was drowning, he might have been saved, as he was not far from the shore, on which were many people and men in a canoe, dragging for the boy, were very near him. Holland was an Irishman, an orderly, industrious and respectable labourer, who had lived for the last six months in Fredericksburg.

The Cotton plant, the grape vine, the sweet potato of Carolina, tomato and the egg plant were all successfully cultivated in this city last year. The prune tree will be planted this season. The mulberry is becoming extensively cultivated.—*Detroit Courier of 26th May.*

CONGRESS TABLE, showing the composition of the Legislatures and population in 1830, of the twenty-four States of the Union.

	Senators.	Representatives.	Total Senators and Representatives.	Population.
Maine	20	156	176	399,467
New Hampshire	12	220	232	269,533
Massachusetts	40	*501	541	610,093
Vermont	12	212	224	280,664
Connecticut	21	207	228	297,711
Rhode Island	10	72	82	97,211
New York	32	129	160	1,934,496
New Jersey	14	42	56	320,779
Delaware	9	21	30	76,737
Pennsylvania	33	100	133	1,330,654
Maryland	19	60	85	446,913
Virginia	36	134	166	1,166,237
North Carolina	52	120	172	738,478
South Carolina	45	124	169	581,436
Georgia	19	144	220	516,567
Alabama	26	72	94	308,210
Tennessee	29	60	80	684,058
Kentucky	38	100	138	688,844
Ohio	35	70	105	937,679
Illinois	18	36	54	157,575
Indiana	23	54	77	341,555
Mississippi	11	36	47	97,863
Missouri	15	42	57	137,421
Louisiana	18	50	66	215,275

* Sometimes more or less.—*Sam. Gaz.*

BOSTON, May 31.—The two pirates, Gedett and Collinet, convicted of murder and mutiny, were yesterday brought into court to receive their sentence. To the question, "why should not sentence of death be passed upon you," the latter replied—"he cause I am innocent." He then went into a clear and very plausible detail of the circumstances of the murder, alleging his own innocence and the guilt of the witnesses. After an address of one hour, in which he evinced considerable energy and intelligence, he listened to his sentence with apparent composure and indifference.—Sentence of death was pronounced in an impressive manner by Judge Story, to be carried into execution on the first of July next.

CANAL TOLLS.—The total amount of tolls collected at Albany for the month of May, is $57,270 40 cents. The amount collected at West Troy for the same period, is $33,014 28 cents. Compared with the collections for the month of May last year, the gain in Albany is $13,028 35 cents: and the gain in Troy for the same month is $10,044 61 cents.

Total amount of tolls collected at Albany since the opening of the canal, ending the 21st of May, and being 43 days, is $88,122 92 cents; collected at Troy in the same period, $45,016 04 cents. Aggregate at Albany and Troy, since the opening of the canal, $133,138 96 cents.

The increase of tolls at Albany, compared with last year, from the opening of the canal to the end of May, is $28,505 22 cents; the increase at West Troy in the same time, is $15,274 36 cents: total increase from last year at the two offices, $44,369 58 cents.

CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON.—From the Report of the Directors that institution appears to be advancing in prosperity. The old prison began to be used as a place of confinement for British captives and theirs, from 1775 to 1790, but it did not possess the denomination and character of the real *State Gaol* until the year 1790.—Early in the last century, as appears from the Colony Records, the mines in Granby were wrought in pursuits of copper ore, and it is ascertained from undoubted authority, and they were wrought with more or less success until the commencement of the revolutionary war. The State, soon after that event, purchased the principal owners, and converted it into a prison. A resolution exists among our State records respecting the prisoners working the mines, and this affords some evidence, to say the least, that the Government were induced to purchase under the expectation that the prisoners might be profitably employed in mining. But this idea, if it ever existed, was soon abandoned, and the prisoners were put to other employments. That prison was always an income upon the State, and often drew as much from the treasury, as all the outsets of the present establishment, and that at a time when the prisoners were only two fifths as numerous as at present. Public sentiment, which at first began to set slowly against the old prison, became a strong current in 1825 and '26, and in the latter year the resolution was passed establishing the present prison. In December 1829 New-Gate was sold under the hammer for about $1200 and was subsequently purchased by the Phœnix Mining Company, who are proceeding with a due share of circumspection in working the mines. Thus by a singular mutation in human affairs, these mines are now undergoing the same process they were a century ago, and are now occupied for the only purpose for which the God of nature seemed to have designed them.

From the NEW YORK papers of yesterday we have collected the following particulars respecting the accident that occurred on Tuesday, on the NORTH RIVER:—The steamboat General Jackson, Capt. Vanderbilt, that has plied daily between this city and Peekskill, on her passage down yesterday afternoon, burst her boiler with a terrible explosion. The accident occurred about 4 o'clock, while she was lying near Grassy Point Dock, a new landing in Harrerstraw Bay, about two miles below Stony Point Light House, and thirty five miles from the city. Capt. Vanderbilt was on shore at the time, assisting in the landing of passengers and merchandize. Such was the force of the explosion that the boiler was blown entirely from its place, and fell into the river between the boat and the dock: a great part of the forward deck was demolished—the bows blown out, and in about 20 minutes the boat sank, the stern only being visible above the surface of the water. When the accident happened, the steamboat Albany, Capt. Jenkins, on her passage down, was only a few miles from the scene of the terrible catastrophe, and in half an hour thereafter, Capt. Jenkins was near enough to send his yawl on shore to the assistance of the sufferers. Capt. Vanderbilt and six passengers returned to the city in the Albany, last evening, and from their report we regret to state that a man and a boy were killed, and when the Albany left the scene, a black man was at the point of death; about 15 others were wounded, some of them, including the engineer, so seriously, that their lives were despaired of. The Gen. Jackson had on board about 40 passengers, but the short period that elapsed between the accident and the departure of the Albany, together with the confusion of the scene, render the particulars thus far received rather imperfect. Whether any passengers were missing or not, was unascertained; nor did we learn that any cause could be assigned for the fatal explosion. There was a countryman on board, who was blown to a considerable height, and fell into the river, where he was picked up with but little injury. He was ascending the gang-way from the cabin, at the time of the explosion; but he says he heard nothing of it, and while supposing himself just stepping on the deck, he was surprised to find people pulling him out of the water. The boat went down in ten minutes from the time of the accident.

Among the persons injured are—
Capt. Vanwart, pilot, badly scalded.
John Vanfine, engineer, very do. do.
———, fireman, a colored man, do. do.
———, deck hand, do. do.
Mr. Marshall, a passenger, dead.
John Glass, of Haverstraw, very badly scalded.
Miss Dow, missing—[dead.]
Rufus, (a waiter) missing.
The bar keeper had his legs badly scalded.
Mr. Bradley, (architect) of N. Y., very much mangled, and not expected to recover.

The only additional fact which we have learned with certainty, is, that among the sufferers is Mr. Rathbone of this city, a gentleman of wealth, whose country seat is nearly opposite Grassy Point, where the accident happened. His leg is dreadfully torn, the cords being all separated above the knee, and one of his arms broken.—A surgeon went up this morning from the city to attend him, and it is supposed that amputation will be necessary. When the explosion took place, he was in the act of stepping from his own boat on board the steamboat.

The General Jackson is a small fast boat, with an iron boiler, which has plied for two years between this city and Peekskill, stopping at several intermediate landings. That of Grassy Point, where the dreadful accident happened, is about 35 miles from the city, on the the west side of the river. The captain was on shore, handing the passengers in and out at the moment of the explosion. The steam, as we are informed by one of the passengers, who had also stepped on shore, was not let off while the boat was at the wharf. We trust a grand jury of Rockland county will make a thorough investigation, as to this and other facts connected with the explosion.

The passengers on the promenade, or upper deck, received no injury.

From the Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Telegraph, June 4.

THE SPRING RACES.—The two first days of the races were considerably unpleasant from the spring showers which fell. Still we are informed the course was fairly attended, the racing fine and well contested. The third day we rode out, and we have never seen so great a number of spectators on the Duchess course as on that day. The three horses entered for the purse of $300, were Black Maria, Mark Richards, and Splendid. Black Maria was the favorite, and with us Splendid was second in consideration. But we were altogether mistaken in our estimation.—Bets, two to one, Black Maria against the field, were offered on every hand, but only taken by a few. The race went off well at the tap of the drum, Mark Richards in lead, and Black Maria in the rear. In the second time round, Black Maria passed Splendid, and in the third led the Richard, winning the heat with ease. Splendid was withdrawn, at the second heat, leaving the contest to be concluded by his more agile competitors. Black Maria led from the start, but the race was interesting, the horse coming in nearly to a lap—showing that if he yielded the palm then, perhaps he would be willing, after a season or two more, to re-enter the ring.

The one mile heats won by Jenette, were handsomely contested. Hotspur dashed off in gallant style, but he run himself out of all command in about five eighths of a mile. We would like to see the racer that could lead him for three quarters, but we question whether he could be found. The four horses running these heats, came in each time, in a cluster. There was no need of a distance pole in the race.

The following is the official account of the time of running with the horses winning during the three days of the races.

DUTCHESS COUNTY RACES.—The spring races over the Duchess County Course, commenced on Tuesday, May 24th, and continued three days.

On the first day, match for $250 each, two mile heats, between p. h. O'Kelley, by Eclipse, 4 years old, and s. g. Chance, by John Richards, 3 years old, was won by O'Kelley in two heats. Time 1st heat, 4m. 7s.; 2d heat, 4m. 59s.

The Society's purse for $300, two mile heats, was run for by Mr. Sherman's b. h. Bay Roman, by Roman, out of the Pinckney mare, 6 years old—Mr Davidson's b. h. Charley Stuart, by Tuckahoe, out of a Sir Solomon mare, 5 years old; Mr. Bedell's b. m. Jennette, by Eclipse out of a Cock of the Rock mare, 3 years old; Mr. Badger's b. c. John Brower, by John Richards, out of a Hickory mare, 3 years old; Dr. Bush's b. h. Hotspur, by Mountaineer out of a Hermit mare, 6 years old, Mr. Coster's b. h. Ratler, by Ratler, out of a Messenger mare, 5 years old; and Mr. Conover's s. m. Celeste, by Henry, out of Cinderella, 4 years old, and won by Bay Roman.

Time—1st heat 5m. 55s, 2d heat 5m. 51.

Match for $1000 each, two mile heats, between Mr Sherman's c. h. De Witt Clinton, by Ratler, 5 years old, and Mr. Parker's c. g. Quiz, by Arab, — years old, was won by De Witt Clinton, in two heats.

Time—1st heat 5m. 54s; 2d heat 4m.

SECOND DAY.—The Society's purse $300, three mile heats, was run for by Mr. Conover's g. h. Diomede, by Henry, dam Maid of the Mill, 4 years old; Mr. Davidson's b. h. Pelham, by Ratler, dam Cinderella, 5 years old; Mr. Bush's c. h. Count Badger, by Eclipse, dam by Hickory, 5 years, and Mr. Badger's b. h. Independence, by John Richards, dam by Herod, 4 years old, and won by Diomede.

Track wet and heavy.

Time—1st heat 6m. 20s, 2d heat 6m. 1s; 3d heat 6m. 1ds.

THIRD DAY.—The Society's purse for $500, four mile heats, was run for by Mr. J. C Steven's bl. m. Black Maria, by Eclipse, dam Lady Lightfoot, 5 years old; Mr. Van Mater's c. h. Mark Richards, by John Richards, out of a Revenge mare, 4 years old; and Mr. J. S. Snedeker's g. h. Splendid, by Duroc, dam Empress, and won by Black Maria.

Time—1st heat 8m. 17s, 2d heat 8m. 30s.

Society's purse for $50, with entrance money, $5 each, added, one mile heats, was run for by M

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, June 11, 1831.

REMOVAL.

The publication office of this paper is removed to the NEW BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 12 Hudson's Alley, a few doors south of its late location. We are now prepared to execute every variety of Book, Job and Ornamental Printing, and shall be pleased to receive the orders of our friends.

A Letter Box is placed at the door to receive communications.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The articles from "A. L. S." we will endeavour to publish in the course of two or three weeks.

Are the lines by "D. H. F." intended for poetry or prose? If for the former, they are sadly prose of spirit; if for the latter, their jejuneness is only eclipsed by their inaccuracies.

"The Poet to his former Mistress," is on file for insertion.

We have received a communication from our friend "M. B." Carlisle, N. Y. The tale will be published in convenient time. The engraving of which he speaks was not enclosed.

The gentleman who dropped a SLIP in our communication box on Wednesday evening, may have the same by calling, as it appears to have no connection with this establishment. Did he serve a communication on a debtor, instead of this office of dollars and cents?

Many of our citizens are making active preparations for celebrating the coming anniversary of American Independence. This is right. The impulse which prompted our fathers on the ever memorable 4th of July, 1776, to do the deed which has elicited the admiration of the world, should be perpetuated by us, so that the same hallowed principles may descend, from generation to generation, until Time ceases its course. Reference to those immutable principles which have entailed and will forever entail liberty, freedom of conscience, and the unalienable rights of man, cannot be too often made—we cannot too often repeat to our children the animating story of LIBERTY, which we have heard from the generation before us; neither can we be too unceasing in our exertions to imbue their minds with a correct idea of the many advantages they enjoy, and the proper course to be pursued to retain them.

We are particularly well pleased to notice that the young men of the city and county of Philadelphia, without reference to the political divisions which distract the country, are making arrangements to celebrate the day. In the usual political celebrations of this anniversary, there is, too often, a dereliction from truth—a perversion of correct feelings, which produces injurious results. On such an occasion no division ought to exist. Surely we all agree in offering up grateful feelings for the favours bestowed upon our happy country, and if so, the litigations incident to party politics ought to be, at least for the time being, laid aside.

The day which gave birth to our Independence ought to be celebrated—not in riotings, brawls, licentiousness and crime—not by an expression of malignant feelings against political opponents—not in stirring up feelings of discord and strife—but in one harmonious and heartfelt expression of joy and gratitude to HIM who has so signally favoured us—in a manner which will cement more closely to our existence the glorious principles openly avowed, in the face of tyranny and oppression, by the patriots of '76—and in instilling into the minds of the young this incontrovertible truth, which nearly fifty-five years ago was proclaimed from the Hall of Independence, to the utter confusion of an insolent aristocracy, that "ALL MEN ARE CREATED FREE AND EQUAL."

HEALTH.

"The common ingredients of health and long life are,
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labour, little care."—*Sidney.*

No one can properly appreciate the blessings of health while he has them in possession. It is only when we feel that sickness is about to overtake us, and when we have already experienced the horrings of a fever, and perceive the unerring forerunners of disease rapidly coming over us, that we can attach a just value to that which we have hitherto possessed, without thinking the boon of heaven worth a single feeling of gratitude. These seems to be a disposition in man to trifle with the best gifts of Providence—even with those which he is conscious if lost, are lost forever—even with those which if wilfully squandered, entail ruin and misery. The circumstance is incomprehensible, and yet, that such is the fact, is abundantly proven by each day's experience.

Life without health—what is it? Life to the bed-ridden, the invalid, the incurable invalid, is the fruitful source of misery, suffering, distress and sorrow. He that is so afflicted can enjoy nothing else;—all other gifts of Providence—intellect, fortune, friends—lose their pith, their excellence, when we are suffering under a painful malady, racked with tormenting pains, or burning with a violent fever. What wealth would the sick man give to recover that inestimable boon, health? Houses, lands, gold, and every thing most and dear would be bestowed cheerfully, where they sufficient to purchase it.

The value of things is only to be estimated by comparison. Compare health with things temporal,—with those which form the *summum bonum* of earthly ambition, and a more correct idea will be obtained of its value. Riches, we have already said, the sick man would gladly sacrifice; and so would the ambitious his idol, fame. Worldly honours, worldly renown, even a niche in the temple of glory, are unwelcome to the invalid, for he has no relish for them. They bring no enjoyment, no satisfaction—he turns his weary limbs on his couch, and sickens at the thought that FAME should ever be an object of *man's* ambition!

The bountiful goodness of Providence has given man the means to insure health, and pointed out the course to be pursued to promote it, so that the munificent blessings which he daily receives, may be properly appreciated and enjoyed. But how little attention is paid to the simple rules of nature. The fruitful sources of disease, may be traced to the luxuries which have been introduced in society. Prodigality, intemperance, idleness, high living, are not gifts of Heaven, but scourges which man has invented, to deprive himself of that blessing, of the value of which he knows comparatively nothing. So absurd is human economy, and so utterly at variance with the designs of the Giver of all good.

It is not to be controverted that man entails upon himself nearly all the bodily sufferings he endures, by neglecting the proper means to preserve his health, and adopting habits of luxurious living, which never fail to impair his health, and cut short his career in life. Distinct from this, however, by not properly appreciating its value, health is frequently impaired by neglecting proper precaution. It is necessary that caution should be unceasingly used to guard against the deleterious influence of climate, improper exposures, accidents, &c. &c. Folly and indiscretion are dearly paid for, when they involve us in suffering and disease, which they never fail to do. The wisest course we can pursue is, to avoid all extremes in eating as well as in drinking; in our habits, our passions, desires, recreations, pursuits, and in every regulation of life. Thus, while it conduces to health, will serve us against the ills and adversities of life, which sometimes come upon us unawares, and which no human prudence could prevent. Affections are not always the attendants of sickness, but we are much better able to bear them when in health, and they are consequently not so burdensome. Health and happiness should be constant companions, and while temperance and care promote the one, an adherence to virtuous precepts will assuredly bring the other.

But we have no desire to preach a sermon, although what we have written might answer very well for an introduction. We gave some hints to our female readers a few weeks since, on the subject of early rising, as a powerful auxiliary in promoting health and happiness, and we again advert to the subject of health, because we have received many assurances, that our remarks were considered well-timed. We have, in this article, called attention to the subject, in the hope that those who read it, will be induced seriously to reflect on its importance, and when a proper opinion is formed of health, the means to secure it will generally be strictly adhered to.

A very useful periodical called the "Farmer's Reporter and United States Agriculturist," published at Cincinnati, Ohio, has reached its fifth number. It contains a variety of matter interesting particularly to the Agriculturist, and is embellished with plates representing some of the utensils used in Farming.

A Grand Military Concert will be given on Monday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall, by the celebrated BOSTON BRIGADE BAND, who accompany the Boston City Guards on their Southern excursion. We notice some excellent pieces in their bill of fare—among others the favorite Hunting Cantata, the Goddess Diana, the Glees of "Tis a very Merry thing," and "Crown in the Cornfield," &c. which we have no doubt from the musical talent of the members of this band, will be executed in fine style. A writer in the Boston Centinel say, that "this Band is one of the best disciplined in the United States."

BATHING

At this season of the year especially, is of the highest importance to the promotion of health, comfort and convenience. Without frequent immersions, when the thermometer is ranging from 90 to 100 degrees, it is hardly possible for any person to be perfectly healthy, to say nothing of the disagreeable sensations those experience, who lead an active business life; who are subject to the influence of the heat, and consequently to profuse perspiration. It therefore claims the serious attention of all, and at this time, we know of no subject upon which a few remarks might be more appropriately made.

To derive the greatest possible advantage from bathing, some discretion is necessary. *Cold bathing is, by some physicians, deemed* not advisable *for persons labouring under certain diseases, or under a predisposition to imbibe particular morbid affections of the system.* Those free from these, may indulge in it in perfect safety, during the summer and autumnal seasons of the year.

To ascertain whether or not cold bathing is likely to be serviceable to the person who employs it, Dr. Thomas lays down the following rule:—"If, after bathing, the individual feels a genial glow of warmth pervade his body, with an increased degree of vigour, he may be assured it is likely to prove beneficial; but, on the contrary, if he feels a cold, chilly sensation remaining some time after, it should not be persisted in."

For elderly people, and those with whom cold bathing does not agree, bathing in tepid water is strongly recommended, which we know, from experience, will be found no less salutary than agreeable. A warm bath is a remedy of high utility where any check has been suddenly given to the perspiration, by an exposure to cold and wet; it is also serviceable in several diseases where a cold bath would be injurious.

Children should be inured to bathing. In conjunction with proper exercise, there is no means which can be employed so advantageously in laying the foundation of a vigorous constitution, and a long and healthy life.

Those who have felt the delightful sensations which pervade the system when bathing, especially in a tepid bath, and enjoyed the benefits which resulted therefrom, need no arguments to induce them often to repeat the enjoyment. After the fatigues of the day, when the system seems almost entirely exhausted, and the spirits flag from enduring the piercing rays of a meridian sun—when every relish for life appears to be departing, and the lassitude of mind is equal to that of the body—the astonishing change which bathing produces in our bodily and mental feelings, makes us fancy we have emerged into a new life—into a happier state of existence.

Attention must also be paid to the manner of bathing, otherwise the desired effect will not be attained. To elucidate this part of the subject, we subjoin two paragraphs from the New York Enquirer:

"A man generally posts to a bath as if he were carrying an express or running away from a broomstick. He is out of breath, and in a perspiration on his arrival. He undresses himself in a great hurry, souses his body in the hot water, kicks about for five minutes, emerges with every pore open, puts on his garments, looks complacently in the mirror, and thinks he has taken a warm bath! No such thing—he has taken nothing but a cold! In one hour he begins to sneeze, and the next day he commences coughing, and curses the bath. Philosophy grieves over his folly, but will not relieve his nose and lungs. Why did the bath give him a cold? Because he was in a perspiration when he went into the water, which said perspiration was increased by the heat, and checked as soon as he raised, "placidum caput [it should be *corpus*] unda" into the colder medium of the air.—The order of nature must be reversed to prevent a man from taking cold under such circumstances.

"Now, reader, we will tell you how to take a bath. In the first place, pay your note, if it be due, or if you cannot do that, let it be protested, and think no more about it. If you have any quarrel on hand, whip or get whipped at once, tranquility of mind is all important in rendering the warm bath beneficial. Walk leisurely to the house of ablution, and disrobe yourself with moderate haste. You may have the water hot enough to parboil you, if you choose, that is left to your own taste. In with you, and to beguile the time read a newspaper or smoke a cigar, taking care, however, to keep the cigar above water. If you don't it will go out. In about half an hour, the water will cool to nearly the temperature of the air, and you will have gone gradually and safely through half a dozen climates. You will have left the torrid for the temperature zone. Then let in the cold water very slowly, almost drop by drop, and in the course of twenty minutes you will find yourself in a cold bath. Your pores will have closed gradually and moderately, your sensations will be exquisite during the process, and you will feel strength and elasticity in every limb. You emerge from the cold water into the warmer air—dry your body thoroughly with a coarse towel and feel like a new man. It is an impossibility for you to take cold—if you do, you are at liberty to come and box our ears for giving you bad advice."

Mr. Swaim's bathing rooms, corner of George and Seventh streets, are exceedingly convenient, and well adapted to the indulgence of this luxury. We have tried them and therefore feel no hesitation in recommending them to those who think as we do on the subject of bathing. They will find every convenience for a cold, tepid or hot bath, and may regulate the temperature of the water to suit the particular circumstances, in their dispositions and habits. The expense is trifling.

An awful calamity has befallen the town of Fayetteville, N. C. Three hundred houses, including all the public buildings have been consumed, and two thousand persons rendered houseless. The fire took place on Sunday, two weeks since, and was briefly noticed in our last.

This distressing occurrence has awakened the sympathies of the inhabitants of many of the principal cities and towns in the United States. A meeting of citizens of Philadelphia, was called on Saturday last, soon after the intelligence was received. The notice was so sudden that but few were aware of it, and not many attended. That meeting, however, adjourned till Monday last, when a large number of citizens assembled at the district Court Room, to devise some means for the relief of Fayetteville. The Right Reverend Bishop White was called to the chair. Resolutions authorizing the appointment of ward and township committees, for the purpose of soliciting aid from the citizens at large, were appointed, and measures taken to insure a speedy remittance. We have no doubt a large sum will be collected. Philadelphians are proverbial for liberality when the objects are deserving, and they will not, at this time, close their hands against the sufferings of the unfortunate.

IS THIS KIDNAPPING?—In hopes of stumbling on a 'reward,' B. arrests an Ethiopian, and commits him to prison on suspicion of his being a slave. No evidence is offered of his being such, but circumstances pervail his proving his freedom. No one claims him, and he must now be sold for his jail fees. C. purchases him at the jailors sale for 'one dollar,' and sells him to a trader for four hundred dollars, and the unfortunate finds himself transferred from the Washington to the Alexandria jail for safe keeping till an opportunity is offered of sending him to the southern market. This case happened a few days since in this city. What should society award to the wretch who would buy a fellow-creature for 'one dollar,' and sell him into hopeless bondage for four hundred? Noble speculation!! We wish our distant readers to bear in mind that these things are done under the sanction of laws passed by 'their' representatives. They should therefore look to it. "Hail Columbia!!!"—*American Spectator.*

The volunteer companies are busy making preparations for the reception of the Boston City Guards. They will be escorted into the city by the Junior Artillerists, State Fencibles, Governor's Guards, and National Grays. The Boston Guards will land at the Kensington wharf, this morning, at about nine o'clock, and will be immediately escorted down to Arch and Second streets, where the line of volunteers will be formed. It is designed to give them a public dinner, previous to their leaving the city.

Epitome of the Times.

The Governor has issued his proclamation, offering $200 reward for the apprehension of the murderer of a man of the name of John Lynch, who was horribly murdered in the city of Lancaster, about two weeks ago, by Simon Eichholtz.

A lady from Fayetteville, N. C. is now at Mrs. Allibone's, Walnut between Fourth and Fifth, and will be happy to give all the particulars of the late fire. She will also take charge of and transmit immediately, any thing left with her for the sufferers.

We understand, that all that valuable property on the south side of Market street, the third and fourth doors east of Sixth street, the residence of General Washington, when President of the United States, in this city, and now occupied by Messrs. Allen & Pettit, and Mr. Luciani, as stores, was sold by Messrs. Graham & Mandeville, Auctioneers, on Wednesday evening, for $57,800. It was purchased by Mr. H. B. Pennock, we understand, for the Messrs. Earps.

A meeting has been held in Chardon, Geauga county, Ohio, to take into consideration the propriety of constructing a Rail Road to unite the Ohio with Lake Erie. Meetings are also to be held in several other counties of the same state.

An organ-grinder is delighting the streets with two or three dancing monkies. Yesterday, Tom Pumshi pointed to the nimblest, and asked—"Why is that fellow like the pious Æneas?—give it up?—Because he cuts a Dido."

On Saturday last, the wife of a respectable mechanic, presented her husband with a gemini of Cupids; and was seen, bright and early, the next morning at Sunday market.

In the present state of the weather, it is recommended to our citizens to be liberal in the use of Chloride of Lime, the value of which has been sufficiently attested, and is extensively known.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has gone on a tour of several weeks, with the Surveyor General, to visit the Canal, and return by Erie and the New York Canal.

It is currently reported and believed, so says a Newark paper, that the Hon. Richard Rush, will be nominated and supported for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania.

On Monday last, the Trustees of the university of Maryland chose Dr. Thomas H. Wright Professor of Anatomy, and Dr. I. T. Ducatel Professor of Chemistry.

On Tuesday week, at Savannah, one Littleton Prince, lately tried for passing counterfeit notes, was committed for stealing two negroes, one of whom he deposited with his counsel as security for fees.

The Newburgh Telegraph of Thursday, says—"Another explosion took place at the powder works in this town this morning. When our paper went to press, we had not learned whether any material damage was done, though it was rumoured that two persons were killed."

It is now confidently reported at Washington, that General Cass, of Michigan territory, is to be secretary at war.

The Hon. Mr. Vaughan, his Britannic Majesty's Minister to the United States, and Col. Childs, of Philadelphia, sailed from New York on Wednesday last for London.

According to the latest advices from Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, that eminent person was in excellent health, rose regularly at half past six, took exercise daily for two hours, on horseback, and pursued his usual course of literary labor with energy and cheerfulness.

STEAMBOAT WASHINGTON.—Several vessels are engaged in raising the Washington. As yet they have not been successful. As the weather, however, continues favorable, we understand that they do not despair of ultimately accomplishing their object. She lies about five miles from Stratford in a S. S. East direction, nearly opposite New Haven Harbor.

Messrs. William Taggert and Jonathan Dickinson, of the Falls of Schuylkill, state that they caught two weeks since, in the Fair Mount Dam, nine shad, with hook and line, in one day.

On Saturday evening last, Edward Allan, son of the celebrated Allan, Optician, of Piccadilly, London, met with his death whilst bathing in the East River. On his immediate removal to the Hospital at Bellevue, every means was resorted to with the apparatus for suspended animation without success. The Surgeons of the Hospital have the gratitude of his friends for their professional assertions.

During the month of May, twelve thousand four hundred and eighty-nine passage tickets, for the Baltimore Rail Road, were sold; the average price being thirty-one cents.

The two ex-ministers of the ex-king of France who contrived to escape, M. Capelle and M. Montbel, have each published a pamphlet explaining and defending the part they took in the measures which led to the late revolution in France.]

The Connecticut Legislature have adjourned, and the papers are puzzling themselves to find out what service it has done the state.

The furniture of Major Eaton, the Secretary at War, was advertised at auction at Washington on Monday last.

At Fincastle, in Virginia, Eli Blankenship was lately sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment, for the murder of one Martin. The parties, meeting by chance on Back creek, first abused each other, and then fought. Martin ran; and Blankenship, dropping a ball into his rifle, which was already charged with powder, shot him. The prisoner is not eighteen years old.

On Monday week, Col. John Dickinson, of Bath county, Va. was killed by his overseer, who immediately surrendered himself. No particulars are given.

The Charleston Courier of the 30th ult. states, that on the Wednesday preceding, the hail did considerable injury at various points in the interior. In St. John's, Barkly, one or two crops of cotton were destroyed; but the largest quantity fell in the woods, which occasioned no other injury but the killing of partridges, and other small game. Bushels of hailstones could have been collected next day, in the woods, where it lay in heaps.

The Portland (Maine) Courier states that Capt. Robinson, from Boothbay for Boston, on the 24th ult. off Cape Ann, came in contact with another schooner of 50 or 100 tons, which is supposed to have sunk immediately! The men on board cried out that they were sinking, and the A. wore round as soon as possible, but could see nothing of her. The A. was in a sinking condition, but made no report of the occurrence in this city.

In Baltimore, last week, there were 43 deaths—males 24, females 19,—of which number, 11 were colored persons.

Hearty approbation is generally bestowed on the performance of the Boston Band. A gentleman, whose opinion, if we felt ourselves at liberty to name him, would be received as authority in such a matter, assures us that their first concert was admirable.

The Philadelphians and New Yorkers may be distinguished from each other by their manner of crossing a street—the former always crossing it at right angles; the latter frequently at an angle of forty five degrees.

The Delaware Falls Company have employed Benjamin Wright, Esq. to execute their enterprise. Judge Wright has organized his corps, appointed Mr. Charles Potts, of Philadelphia, his resident Engineer, and operations are in progress. It is believed that the work will be placed in a very advanced state before the close of the season. The stock is considerably above par.

Nearly two thousand emigrants arrived at Detroit, in the steamboats alone, between the 17th and the 24th of May.

It is calculated by Mr. Jacob, that thirty-two thousand bankrupticies have been declared in France since the revolution in July.

Messrs. Leavitt, and Thorp, Portland, had $2400 worth of tea, sugar and coffee, on board schooner Maine, from Boston, upset near Portland; 1200 insured.

On Friday, a house, against which a large quantity of anthracite coal had been piled, in Walker street, New York, gave way, and precipitated the whole into the street, where it now lies. It is not known whether a human being is under it or not.

A very large and commodious public house has been erected at Mount Holly, the present spring by Stacy B. Champion, Esq. which is now open for the reception of visiters.

It is stated in a letter, that the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of New York, has accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Scotch church in Lancaster, (Pa.;) and it is thought the Rev. Dr. Cox will receive a call to the Murray street church, in New York, in a few days.

T. J. Cornell. Randolph, Vt. has patented a machine for felting and napping hats, by which one man will do the usual work of four.—The machine may be built for fifty dollars.

One of the Paris papers, edited by a well known *gourmand*, calls upon the French government to stop the further progress of the Austrians in Italy, on the irresistible ground that "they have already stopped the supply of Bologna sausages by entering that town."

The Rome (Oneida co. N. Y.) Republican, says—"We would inform those who are out of work and out of money, that there are wanted on the Hudson and Mohawk Railroad, two hundred teams, and five hundred laborers. We give this notice gratuitously, hoping it may be of service to the idlers in this vicinity."

A man named Peters, committed to jail at Wilksbarre for an assault and battery, attempted some day last week to commit suicide. He cut his throat in a shocking manner, but medical assistance was procured, the gash stitched up, and it is possible he may recover.

Ten dollar counterfeit notes of the New-York State Bank made their appearance in Wall street on Saturday. They are well executed, dated July 1, 1831, but lack the endorsement of Erastus Corning, Vice President, which is on all the true bills of so late a date.

The stock of Tobacco in warehouses at Liverpool on 1st May last was 5,561 hhds. 26 chests and 41 kegs.

The N. Y. City Inspector reports the death of 102 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 28th ult., viz. 31 men, 20 women, 25 boys and 24 girls. Of whom 18 were of or under the age of 1 year.

Colonel DRAYTON has accepted the appointment of orator to the "Union and State Rights" party at Charleston, for the approaching Fourth of July.

A Savings Bank has recently been established at Cincinnati. Those valuable institutions should be in operation in every place where the population is sufficiently numerous to call for their establishment.

It is stated in the Boston Courier that two young commission merchants who failed in 1829, paid over their property which fell short $10 000, received a full discharge from their creditors, and began the world anew seperately.—Last year one paid each of the creditors of the former firm 25 per cent. of the deficiency, and last week the other paid a like sum.

The Wilksbarre Herald says:—"Many strangers are now in the valley. Some on business relative to lands—some looking out, probably, for canal contracts—and others for recreation and pleasure. The coming week, it is presumed, will bring the canal commissioners, and greatly increase the number of visitors."

St. John, (N. F.) May 5.—The schooner Hope, Mullowny, of Carbonear, from a sealing voyage, with 3500 seals, struck on a rock near one of the Wedham Islands, on the evening of the 22d ult., and almost immediately went to pieces, when the whole of the crew of 25 men (with the exception of a man sent aloft) perished. This poor fellow named Froud, remained on the mast until the 24th, when he swam ashore.

To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is any body at home.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

A destructive fire broke out in Utica, N. Y. on Sunday afternoon, May 29. About twelve buildings, and a very large quantity of materials were destroyed. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A black fish, weighing ten pounds and a half, was recently caught, not far from Noroton River bridge, Conn. by an old fisherman, and presented to the editor of the Stamford Sentinel.

A correspondent of a Virginia paper, calls Skrzynecki, the Polish Chieftain, General Screwneck-aye—and another, Skrouge-him sky-high.

The proposition in the Turf Register to run Clara Fisher four mile heats for $5,000, half forfeit, has been accepted a few days back by Colonel Johnson, who has named "Bonnets of Blue," in a communication to the South Carolina Jocky Club.

Captain Whildin, of the Steamboat Emerald, will commence his regular trips to Cape May, on Monday, the 20th inst.

Finn has been re-engaged and is playing with Mr. Hacket at the Chesnut street house.

Professor Henry, of Albany, has recently constructed a magnet weighing 82 1-2 pounds, which sustains more than a ton. It is placed in the laboratory of Yale College.

Thomas Hand, of Cape May, was killed off Cape Island, on Wednesday of last week, by a shot from a party of runaway Virginia negroes, whom he was endeavouring to arrest.

Green Peas sold in Boston last week, at the rate of $10 per bushel.

Six hundred dollars were promptly subscribed for the relief of the Fayetteville sufferers by the inhabitants of Raleigh, N. C. The subscription was to be further extended.

A man named Anthony Joyce, a native of Galway, Ireland, who was at work on the West Chester Rail Road, died suddenly on Wednesday, from the effects of drinking cold water. When will people learn to be careful?

Valentine Hoskins, of Chester county, was killed on Wednesday last by an explosion of gun powder, while engaged in blasting rocks for Mr. John Stewart.

A new school book, entitled "The American Popular Reader; or, Lessons for Junior Classes," has been laid on our table. It contains some good selections, and a few original articles.

The rail road route from the Schuylkill opposite Mr. Peters' farm to the city, has been staked out, and workmen are employed in clearing away the trees that have grown on the banks of the old canal.

West's splendid Painting of Christ Rejected, is now open for exhibition at the Masonic Hall. We understand that this is the last opportunity which the citizens of Philadelphia will have of seeing this great production, as the proprietors purpose taking it back to Europe the ensuing autumn.

A low pressure Steamboat has commenced running from the foot of Poplar Lane, N. L. to run to Cooper's Ferry, Camden.

A lad named Murphy, in the employ of Mr. Pedrick, bookbinder, fell through a trap door of the fourth story, in a new building in George street near Sixth, to the basement, on Thursday evening. He died in a few minutes after the accident.

The elegant steamboat Brandywine, on her passage up from New Orleans, burst her boiler, by which accident thirty lives were lost.

A barbarous bird catcher scoops out the eyes of a nightingale, which has the extraordinary effect of rendering his voice still more melodious.

The Lexington Races commenced on Tuesday last, on the Association Course, with a sweepstake for three year old colts, and was won by Mr. Burbridge's colt, by Bertand, beating Col. Buford's colt, by Sumpter, Mr. Shy's by Cherokee, and Mr. Davenport's by Aratus.

Time—1st heat 4 min. 3 sec., 2d heat 3 min. 42 sec. Purse $2,000. $500 entrance.

On Wednesday a post sweepstake, $50 entrance, and a purse of $100 was run for, which was won by Mr. Burbridge at two heats, beating Mr. Shy and Mr. Davenport—we did not hear the time, nor have we heard from the Thursday's race.—*Georgetown, (Ky.) Sentinel.*

BAD COFFEE.—A young man in Newburyport has been detected in an attempt to smuggle three bags of coffee. The Advertiser says "This is one of the most foolish acts that has come to our knowledge for some time. The whole amount of duty which was to be saved was not more than six dollars! and the young man has not only committed a theft and lost the property, but rendered himself liable to several hundred dollars penalty for an evasion of the revenue laws.

BRUSSELS, May 4.—The decision of Prince Leopold is awaited with intense anxiety. With the exception of the French editors of the Republican Emancipation, all the most respectable journals unite in advocating the Prince's cause. All parties, even that of M. Gendebien, are inclined to support a measure which promises happiness and tranquility to Belgium and peace to Europe. Were Prince Leopold as much disposed to accept as the Belgians are unanimous in their desire to offer him the crown, he would not hesitate a moment. To adopt the general expression, "His arrival would not only be hailed with joy, but he would be carried on the arms of the people from Ostend to Brussels." The universal question is, whence proceed the obstacles? Do they emanate from France or from Holland? Is the one fearful that Belgium and the Rhenish provinces should thus escape her, or is the other from a spirit of revenge, determined to oppose every measure calculated to insure the consolidation and independence of this country?—The obstinacy, the uncompromising obstinacy of the King of Holland, led to the loss of this portion of his kingdom; let him take heed lest it produce still greater misfortunes.

Millwrights Wanted.

THREE or Four Journeymen, to whom liberal wages and steady employment will be given. Apply at the shop, at the second gate on the Lancaster Turnpike, near the five mile stone, or at the steam mill, corner of Callowhill and Tenth street, Philadelphia.

N. B. None need apply but steady industrious men.

june 11—1t* EDWARD HERTON

Patent Boots and Shoes.

OBER'S Patent Seamless Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received Lesters Patent for inventing seamless boots and shoes in one piece, and is now prepared to receive orders from those who may favour him with their custom. He warrants them to be more durable, not nearer and more than the ordinary kind, having no notice to break, or give pain. Specimens may be seen at the store.

Rights sold very low. CALEB A. OBER, *Patentee,*

june 11—1y No. 60 South Eighth street.

Premium for Gold, &c.

SOVEREIGNS.	Genuine Quarters.
Spanish,	Dimes & Quarters,
Napoleons,	Half Dimes,
Louisdors,	Fine Francs,
Portuguese Gold,	Small Francs,
Germans Gold,	Old do.
Light English Gold,	Spanish Silver, &c.

Purchased at the highest prices, by

SYLVANUS LEHMAN, Stock & Exchange Broker,

june 11—3t No. 44 South Third Street.

WANTED,

AN apprentice to the printing business. Apply at the new Printing Office, No. 12 Hudson's Alley. june 11—1t

Baker's Intelligence Office.

Established in May, 1811.

NO. 3 Franklin Place; Procures Houses and Parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers Ostlers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Sound Children and Bought servants.

Orders received for Schuylkill Coal of a superior quality.

Cooks and Girls for house work, provided with situations gratis.

A child to put out to wet nurse june 4—4t*

THEATRICAL ITEMS.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Parsloe, from the London theatres, made his second appearance at this house on Monday, in the character of Mushapug, a monkey, in the play of Jack Robinson. He enacts the part most admirably. Monsier Barbere and Madame Hutin are just concluding an engagement. Mr. Booth appeared on Tuesday as Romeo, with Miss Rock as Juliet; and on Wednesday as Hamlet, with Miss Rock as Ophelia. Notwithstanding the intolerable warm weather, the public could not resist such attraction—the house has been tolerably well filled, each night of Booth's performance. A popular farce, called "The Jenkins's" is in rehearsal, and a new drama, called the "Wraith of the Lake," is in active preparation.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—Finn played Lord Ogleby on Monday in excellent style. We wish he had been better supported. The new comedy of "Roses and Thorns, or Two houses under one Roof," produced on Tuesday evening, will do tolerably well, when Finn plays Sir Valentine Verjuice—it contains some good hits at the discontented and grumbling dispositions of man, and these lost none of their effect by falling on Finn. Mr. Rice, who appeared in the part of Frederick, appears to be a very genteel performer. Finn gave us on Wednesday—his benefit night—the Two Thompsons, the Two Gregories, the Two Shacks, and Two acts of the Hypocrite—as printers say, he *runs on two's.* He had a pretty fair house, considering the warm weather. An historical drama, founded on the recent glorious struggle for civil and religious liberty in Europe will shortly be produced.

Burke closed his engagement at the Park theatre, N. Y. on Monday last.

Mr. Archer, Mr. Thayer, Mr. C. Thorne, and Mrs. Moreland, are playing at the Chatham theatre.

The crier in the circuit court at Georgetown, D. C. while napping in court, was recently aroused by a clap of thunder, and, starting on his feet, he bawled out "silence," to the infinite diversion of all present.

[This is not so bad as what happened to a fellow the other day, who fell asleep in church. He fancied himself playing nine-pins, and in the middle of the sermon broke out with the exclamation, "all down, by the bokey!"]

The coincidence of the deaths of Jefferson and Adams, on the 4th of July, 1826, was one of the most singular circumstances of the times, and elicited many an exclamation of wonder, and, indeed, cannot now be regarded without astonishment. A writer, in the University, *Chameleon*, proves from certain data, taken in connexion with the most accurate Tables of mortality, that the odds were more than 1721 millions to one against the concurrence of the deaths of these illustrious men on that day; and that a bet against it, to correspond with the chances, should have been more than 17 millions of dollars to a cent.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,
DURING THE PAST WEEK.

			Per Cent.
$ 1024	U. S. 4½ per cts. of 1828 & 1829 at par and interest,		100
2000	Penn'sia Fives, redeemable in 1854 at	104½	100
5000	do. do.	1853	100
4,500	do. do.	1854	100½
30,000	do. do.	1858	100½
16	shares Bank of the United States,	129½	100
6	do. Bank of North America,	460	400
20	do. Philadelphia Bank,	134	100
11	do. Commercial Bank,	63½	50
6	do. Mechanic's Bank,	49½	35
4	do. do.	49½	33
20	do. State Bank at Camden,	47	50
100	do. North American Insurance,	11.70	10
38	do. American Insurance,	6½	5
50	do. North American Coal Co.	124	25

Furnished by Sylvanus Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 44 South Third Street.

ALMANACK.

1831. JUNE.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
11 SATURDAY,...	4 36	7 24	3 4	
12 SUNDAY,.....	4 35	7 25	3 49	
13 MONDAY,.....	4 35	7 25	4 33	
14 TUESDAY,.....	4 35	7 25	5 15	
15 WEDNESDAY,..	4 35	7 25	5 58	
16 THURSDAY,...	4 35	7 25	6 53	Last, 10
17 FRIDAY,.....	4 35	7 25	8 5	New, 18
				First, 25
				Full, 3d

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 8th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM R. WILLIS, to Miss SARAH STEVENSON, all of Kensington.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev Wm. H. Delancey, JOHN M. TAYLOR, to MARGARETTA H. daughter of Benjamin Jones, of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr JOSEPH RILEY, merchant, of Aurora, N. Y. to Miss JANE D. BOWIE, of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Alexander Bowie, of Bridgeton, N. J.

On Wednesday evening last, by Joseph Watson, Esq. DAVID S. BROWN, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Joseph Johnson.

On Tuesday evening, 7th inst. by the Rev. James Patterson, Mr. WILLIAM FISS, to Miss MARY, daughter of Henry Valtman, Esq. all of the Northern Liberties.

In Rutherford county, on the 10th ult. Hon. SAMUEL P. CARSON, Representative in Congress, from North Carolina, to Miss S. CATHARINE WILSON, daughter of James Wilson, Esq. of Tennessee.

On the 23d of May last, by the Rev. Cooper Mead, Mr. CHARLES HEPBURN, to Miss HARRIET MAGGI, all of Southwark.

On Wednesday evening, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Allen, Mr JOHN McLAUCHLIN, to Miss LITTIA MURDOCH, all of this city.

At New York, on Tuesday evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, WILLIAM H. HARRISON, Esq. to GERTRUDE WADDINGTON, daughter of Thos. Ludlow Ogden, Esq.

At Friends' Meeting Hart, on Fifth day, 19th ult. GEORGE MOORE, to MARTHA WEBSTER, all of Hart Township, Lancaster county.

On Thursday evening, in St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, CHARLES LE ROY DE CHAMONT of England, to Miss ELIZABETH PEAL HARRIS, daughter of the late Charles Harris, Esq. of this city.

On the 2d instant, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. HENRY CARPENTER, to Miss MARY ANN MARKER, all of this city.

On the 2d instant, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. WM. HUMPHREYS, to Miss ELIZA PALMER, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Charles Hoover, Mr. ALBERT A. ANDERSON, of this city, to Miss MARY GRIFFITH, of Southwark.

On Thursday evening, 2d instant, by the Rev. Joseph Ruling, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss MATILDA JAMES, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Fifth day evening, 2d inst., in the presence of B. W. Richards, Mayor, JOHN LIVERGEY, merchant, to SARAH, daughter of Christopher Marshall, of this city.

On the evening of the 8th inst., by the Rev. F. Hodgson, WM. HARVEY, Esq. of the district of Southwark, to widow PANCAS, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 2d inst. in the city of New York, by the Rev. John Hargrove, of Baltimore, Mr. HENRY HOWARD, jr. to Miss HESTER ANN FREEMAN, both of the former city.

DIED.

This morning PRISCILLA T., infant daughter of Mr. R. Smith, aged 3 years.

On Saturday, the 4th instant, in the 27th year of her age, Miss ELIZA ANN ROGERS.

At Baltimore very suddenly, on Thursday afternoon, 2d inst WM. BLAKE, a native of Philadelphia, and but recently discharged from the U. S. frigate Java.

On the 2d inst Mr. MATHEW BOYD, a native of Dublin, Ireland, in the 40th year of his age, after a short but severe illness.

On Sunday last evening, 4th inst., JOHN BURG

Variety's the very spice of life.
That gives it all its flavour.

From the New York American.

THE POLE'S GOOD NIGHT.

A song, a song for Poland,
A cup of festal wine,
Though pledged by many a breaking heart,
Still strong for thee and thine.
With smiling lip, and calm, smooth brow,
Our fate hath taught the art,
From ev'ry loved one round us now,
In soldier guise to part.

The homes, the homes of Poland—
The mountains, and the plains,
The rivers, and the free wild woods,
The slaves who burst their chains—
The mother's sacred tears—the tears
That weep the hero's fall:—
The memory of our better years—
Fill high, to one and all.

The sword, the sword for Poland—
The keenest, and the best;
But fling away the coward shield,
And bare the warrior's breast.
As gaily to the battle-ground,
As to a banquet,—so!
There's music in the trumpet sound,
Fill high—though hope be gone!

The cross, the cross for Poland!
Aye, honest hearts and true,
Have boldly dyed the peaceful robe
In glory's sanguine hue.
Hosts have ere-now of conquering fame,
That led one Constantine,
But tremble ye, of recreant name,
Before the bannered sign.

Good night, good night to Poland—
To-morrow's sun may rise
To see us rest on another earth,
Beneath our own blue skies:
And welcome, welcome, if the strife
He won, to make thee free!
Fill, to the last drop through of life,
Oh! Poland—all for thee!

EPITAPH.—The following striking lines form the epitaph of a miller in Richmond Churchyard. They are traditionally said to have been dreamed by him the night preceding his death:—

"Earth walks upon earth, glittering like gold;
Earth turns to earth, sooner than it would,
Earth builds upon earth cities and towers;
Earth says to earth—All this shall be ours"

Athenæum.

The following anecdote, illustrating that grasping vanity which would fain levy a universal tribute, is very happily introduced.

"Goldsmith was a man of the most felicitous endowments. His prose flows with such ease, copiousness and grace, that it resembles the song of the sirens. His verses are among the most spirited, natural, and unaffected, in the English language. Yet he was not contented. If he was a consummate dancer, he knew no reason why he should not do as well; and immediately felt disposed to essay his powers. If he heard an accomplished musician, he undertook to enter the lists with him. His conduct was of a piece with that of the countryman, who cherished spectacles, and making experiment of them for ever in vain upon the book before him, was at length asked, 'Could you ever read without spectacles?' to which he was obliged to answer, 'I do not know I never tried.'"

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a country bumpkin, in a great passion, like a woman mending a stocking? D'ye give it up? Because he "*darns it!*"

Why is the letter D like brotherly love? D'ye give it up? Because it makes *kin kin* (*d*).

Why is the letter P like water? D'ye give it up? Because it makes *ale* (*p*) *ale*.

Why is the letter G like envy? D'ye give it up? Because it turns *all* to (*g*) *all*.

Marriages of Alexander—the Great—Great—Grandfather. Never were the consoling lines—

"There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She'll find some honest gander for her mate"—

more eloquently exemplified than in the following case. "Married at Bath, Stokes Co. on the 11th ult. Mr. Moses Alexander, aged 95, to Mrs. Francis Tompkins, aged 105." We are not informed whether the happy couple rose without help the next morning.

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.—A very romantic trait presents itself in the early acquaintance of the Hon. Miss Packenham and Colonel Wellesley, the future hero of Waterloo. They were both young; the lady petite in figure, but elegantly formed, and possessing beautiful features. The gallant colonel was ordered to India; previously pledging vows of unalterable attachment. His glorious career there is recorded on the page of history. On his return he found that the small pox had almost totally destroyed the loveliness of the lady's face. She told the soldier that she released him from his vows; but he was true to his attachment, and almost immediately married the object of his juvenile affections. Her grace died with her hand in that of her husband, and her body lay at Apsley House at the very moment the mansion was attacked by the mob on Wednesday last.

Kelly, the Irish Poet, some time ago called on the Mayor of Limerick, to subscribe to one of his works. His worship met him at the door of his office, just alighted from an old cropped horse. After a few interrogations on the contents of the volume, his worship hesitated on signing the list, and made a pert remark on the old nag. "Well," said our poetical hero, addressing *ould* rawbone—

"Cheer up, old horse, and don't despair—
For you'll be a house when he wont be mare."

The reply suited the purpose admirably well, as the corporated gentleman signed, both for himself and her ladyship.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man, was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his Lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of a highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates? The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied, "Ah, my Lord, they are all hanged but your Lordship and I."

AN APOLOGY.—When John Clerk (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarked for the sang froid with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was surprised at such a decision!" This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologise for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal—"I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your bench with disrespect; he is extremly penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done, curse me if he would be surprised at any thing you did."—*Aberdeen Chron.*

MILITARY FORCE OF EUROPE.—The following curious article appears in Le Voleur:—Europe contains about 215 millions of inhabitants, who are civilized, spread among fifty-eight states, large and small. The revenue of those states, taken together, amounts to nearly three thousand eight hundred millions of francs. Placing on one side France and England, uniting under their banners Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Sweden, Italy, Greece, and nearly all the German Confederation, (excepting Austria and Prussia;) on the other Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and at present Prussia, with some few states of the German Confederation; the progressive army is found to amount to 98,000,000 of men, and the retrograde army to 102,000,000; the former at a revenue of 2,700,000,000 francs, the latter only 900,000,000 francs. The navy of civilization amounts to 1,660 ships of war, and that of absolutism to 340. The surplus of European forces in population, money, and vessels belongs to the neutral army. After this statement, the result of the struggle cannot appear doubtful.

ANCIENT COINAGE OF THE U. S.

A coin, of which the above cuts are a representation, came into our possession some few weeks ago, and being under the impression that it was one adopted by the United States soon after the confederation, as a circulating medium, we placed it in the hands of our engraver, believing a copy would be interesting to our readers. We have since made every possible inquiry, in the hope of eliciting information in relation to this coin; but the result has convinced us that the above emission was only a specimen of a coin which it was proposed to adopt, rather than one issued under the authority of the United States. It is, nevertheless, not without interest, although this may be the fact.

From a source entitled to the highest credit, we have obtained the following particulars, which seem to be appropriate here.

"The Mint of the United States was instituted by an act of Congress, of April 2d, 1792, and a few specimens of silver coins, viz: of half dimes, and executed about the close of that year, which were the first silver coins issued under the authority of the United States.

The emission of copper commenced in 1793, and that of gold coins in 1795.

No coins were at any time issued from the Mint bearing the head of General Washington. A provision directing that the head of the President should be on one side of the coins of the United States, was contained in the bill for establishing the Mint, as originally passed in the Senate; but this was stricken out by the House of Representatives, and "an impression emblematic of Liberty, with an inscription of the word Liberty" inserted in its place.

Before the institution of a Mint was definitively agreed on, the subject had been from time to time mentioned in Congress, viz: in 1782, 1785, and 1786, under the old Confederation, and in 1791 under the present Constitution—and it is probable that within those periods various devices considered suitable for a national coinage, were executed by different artists, either voluntarily to promote their own reputation, or under the direction of public spirited gentlemen. It is highly probable that the specimens of which an impression was given in the May number of the Casket, for 1830, belong to the above classes. That the copper coin of 1787, of which the above is a specimen, is of similar origin, seems a reasonable conjecture. If it had been issued by the authority of any single state of the union, as a local coin, the legend United States, on one side, surrounding the motto, "we are one," would not probably have been deemed appropriate. The name of the particular State would, with more fitness, have occupied a place on the coin."

FORCE OF HABIT.—A story is related in Cunningham's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which shows how ridiculous a great man may be rendered by the force of habit. He had been taught by his old master, Hudson, to paint portraits in a certain position, the gentleman holding his hat under his arm. Before he had thrown off the trammels of habit and began to exhibit that free and bold manner that afterwards distinguished him, a certain customer desired to be painted with his hat on. His wish was gratified; but when the portrait was sent home, the gentleman's wife was not a little astonished to perceive that her husband had two hats, one on his head and another under his arm.

SMOKING.—The saliva serves the important purpose of mixing and preparing the food for the stomach; hence it ought not to be unnecessarily squandered by frequent spitting. The strange custom of smoking tobacco is on that account extremely hurtful, as it weakens the organs of digestion, deprives the body of many useful fluids, and has a direct tendency to emaciate it, particularly in young persons and those of lean and dry fibres. To these it is the more detrimental, that it promotes not only the spitting of saliva, but likewise other evacuations. The practice not only vitiates the digestion, but impairs the understanding, and stupifies the powers of the mind.—*Dr. Willich.*

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.—A respectably dressed widow, soon after she entered the shop of a draper in a borough-town, not far from Devizes, a short time since, began to extol the virtues of her late husband, the tears at the same time flowing plentifully down her cheeks.—"Pray walk inside and comfort yourself," said the condoling draper; "but we must submit to the unerring decrees of Providence." "We must, we must," said the widow, and wiped her eyes. "Has Mr. —— been here?" she then anxiously inquired. He had not, but very soon made his appearance. They jointly assisted a silk gown; and two days afterwards Mr. —— and the widow were married.—*Devizes Gaz.*

At the time when Swing was in all his glory, a country Justice actually committed a poor ploughman for "being found, under suspicious circumstances, near a hay-rick, with intent to set it on fire;" when the whole of the evidence against the poor man was, that he had been seen near the stack, out with a lighted candle, but with *a pail of water!* This is a fact. The sapient Magistrate still holds the commission in the county of Berks, where he is as likely as ever to set the Thames on fire. [Probably one of Sir Roberts' appointing.]

SETTLING COFFEE WITH AN EGG.—A woman, the extent of whose culinary information scarcely reached beyond the cooking of "praties," was told by her mistress, the other morning, that she must settle the coffee with an egg.

"With an aig, is it?" said Cathleen O'Callaghan—"and how must I do that same?"

"Why, you must put the egg into the coffee, to be sure," replied the mistress.

"Is that all?" said Cathleen—"and that's aisy enough too."

The coffee, after cooking the usual time, was brought upon the table, and found to be as thick as porridge.

"I thought I told you to settle the coffee with an egg," said the mistress.

"And so I did, with two on 'em," replied the girl.

"But the coffee is as thick as mush. Are you sure you put in the eggs?"

"Sure enough am I—and if you don't 'blaire it, look in the coffee pot jist, and you'll saa them."

The lady raised the lid of the pot, and sure enough, there were two eggs which had never been broken.

A SENSIBLE GOOSE.—A country gentleman had a goose nearly a year old, that had formed so strong an attachment towards him, as to follow him to any distance, through the crowds and bustles of High street. A few days since the kindly bird followed him down the street, and into a hair-dresser's shop, where it waited until his master was shaved, after which it accompanied him on another visit into the shop of a friend, and then proceeded home with him cheek by jowl. The goose is so well acquainted with Mr. Burnet, that it readily recognizes him in whatever dress he may appear. It even knows his voice when he is not to be seen, and no sooner does he speak, than it responds to him in his own unintelligible dialect.—*Dover of Taste.*

IMPORTANT AND CONSOLING.—Mr. Robinson said in the Massachusetts legislature, "that persons would be presumed by law to be *white*, till they were proved to be *black*."

By the machinery at Portsmouth, under Mr. Grant's superintendence, 160,000 pounds of biscuit can be manufactured in twenty four hours, constituting a day's ration for the crews of twenty sail of the line; and with eight or ten such pieces of machinery, biscuit rations may be daily manufactured for 160,000 men, being the greatest number of seamen and marines employed during the hottest period of the war.

From Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.

SECOND SIGHT.—The good people of Caledonia have so long and exclusively engrossed the faculty of 'second sight,' that it may justly surprise many to learn that we also have been favoured with at least one case as well attested as their own! I refer to the instance of Eli Yarnall, of Frankford. Whatever were his first peculiarities, he in time lost them. He fell into intemperate habits, became a wanderer, and died in Virginia, a young man. He was born in Bucks county, and with his family emigrated to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. There, when a child of seven years of age, he suddenly burst into a fit of laughter in the house, saying he then saw his father (then at a distance) running down the mountain side, trying to catch a jug of whiskey, which he had let fall. He saw him overtake it, &c. When the father came in, he confirmed the whole story, to the great surprise of all. The boy after this excited much wonder and talk in the neighborhood. Two or three years after this, the family were visited by Robert Verree, a public friend, with other visiting friends from Bucks county. I have heard, in a very direct manner, from those who heard Verree's narrative, that he, to try the lad, asked him various questions about circumstances then occurring at his own house in Bucks county, all of which he afterwards ascertained to have been really so at that precise time! Some of the things mentioned were these, viz.: 'I see your house is made partly of log and partly of stone; before the house is a pond, which is now let out; in the porch sits a woman, and a man with grey hairs; in the house are several men,' &c. When Verree returned home, he ascertained that his mill pond before his house had just been let out to catch musk rats: that the man in the porch was his wife's brother Jonathan; that the men in the house were his mowers, who had all come in because of a shower of rain. In short, he said every jota was exactly realized.

"The habit of the boy, when he sought for such facts, was to sit down and hold his head downward, his eyes often shut; and after some waiting declared what he saw in his vision. He has been found abroad in the fields, sitting on a stump, crying, on being asked the reason, he said he saw great destruction of human life by men in mutual combat. His descriptions answered exactly to sea fights, and army battles, although he had never seen the sea, nor ships, nor cannons, all of which he fully described as an actual looker-on. Some of the friends who saw him, became anxious for his future welfare, and deeming him possessed of a peculiar gift and a good spirit, desired to have the bringing of him up. He was therefore committed to the mastery of Nathan Harper, a friend, engaged in the business of tanning, in Frankford. There he excited considerable conversation; and so many began to visit him as to be troublesome to his master, who did what he could to discourage the calls. Questions on his part were therefore shunned as much as he could. He lost his faculty by degrees, and fell into loose company, which, of itself, prevented serious people from having any further wish to interrogate him.

"To instance the kind of inquiries which were usually presented to him, it may be stated, that wives who had missed their husbands long, supposed by shipwreck, for instance, would go to him and inquire. He would tell them (it is said) of some still alive, what they were then about, &c. Another case was a man, for banter, went to him to inquire who stole his pocket book, and he was answered, 'No one, but you stole one out of a man's pocket, when at the vendue,' and it was so.

"His mother would not allow him to 'divine for money,' lest he should thereby loose the gift, which she deemed heaven-derived. The idea is not novel, as may be seen in John Woolman's Life, where he speaks of a rare gift of healing, which was lost by taking a reward.

"These are strange things, evidencing matters, 'not dreamed of in our philosophy.' I give these facts as I heard them. I 'nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice.'"

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The brig Hardy, Capt. Shirley, which arrived here yesterday from Bataiva, has on board a living female *Ourang-Outang*. She has suffered much on the voyage, and is very sick. She is greatly affected by cold, and keeps a blanket constantly wrapped about her. She is still able to walk, although she totters from weakness. When she stands erect her hands nearly touch the ground. She eats, drinks, and spits, like a human being. This is the only successful attempt ever made, to introduce one of these remarkable animals alive into this country. Some years since an Ourang Outang was brought into port, but died in the harbor. The skeleton has been frequently exhibited by Dr. Smith, at his annual Anatomical Lectures.—*Boston Transcript.*

TANNING.—An apothecary in the neighbourhood of Narbonne has published a treatise, extolling the husks of grapes which have been deprived of their alcohol by distillation, as an excellent substitute for bark in tanning leather. After having prepared the skins in the usual way, he places them in the pits, and covers them with the grape-husks. From five and-thirty to five-and-forty days are sufficient to complete the tanning. This method, according to the author of it, offers the following advantages:—The operation is much more rapid; it is much more economical; the leather has an agreeable odour instead of that of tan; and it is twice as durable as leather tanned by bark.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF STEAM.—Steam has lately been applied with great success in some of the French forts, in the destruction of vermin on board of merchant vessels. After having carefully closed the hatches and every aperture, the steam is suddenly introduced, and in twenty-four hours every living thing which may have been brought in with the cargoes is destroyed.

PHILOLOGY.—The following ludicrous explanation of the order in which some of the letters of the Alphabet are placed, as well as their essential use in the economy of morals, may well be entitled to the consideration of the "literati" of the present enlightened period. The scholiasts upon that ode of Anacreon, which describes Cupid being stung by a bee, state him at that moment to have been learning his letters, and that in perpetual remembrance of his winged assailant, he decreed that the alphabet should commence with B. A.—The precedence of B to C is explained upon the principle that a man must *Be* before he could *See*. But the modern philologists make more important discoveries, and assign an origin to our letters as ancient as extraordinary; they declare that the letter D was of infinite concern to Noah, inasmuch as it made his *Ark, Dark;* that the letter F is peculiarly the poulterer's property as it makes an *Owl* a *Fowl;* and that the letter G is as much the perquisite of the Farmer as it converts all his *Oats* into *Goats;* that it is of inestimable service to a *Lass*, as it only requires it to be placed before her to make a *Glass;* and that the letter H is as important to the physiologist as it convinces him that no *Ear*, can *Hear*, without it; the modern scholiasts also inform us that the letter K has a serious reference to the safety of the good, as it only enables the *Ill* to *Kill;* and that the letter L would be of service to any man when pursued by an *Adder*, as it would alone convert the serpent into a *Ladder*, and permit him to make his escape; as for the letter M its utility to the female members of a Temperance society is apparent, for it only enables an *Ale-drinker* to be a *Male-drinker*, and surely our fair friends cannot be too much obliged to this admirable letter for the distinction; the letter N is likened to a little pig, because it makes *a sty Nasty;* while the letter P is taken from *Pimp*, in order to show that character in his true light, as an *Imp;* the learned are not yet satisfied; they have discovered, forsooth, that the letter R is an emetic, because it makes *Exch, Reach*, and that the letters U and V can never by possibility go out to dinner, because they invariably come after T; moreover they have ascertained *o, a, e, i*, are *Toast* with T, and therefore in a somewhat unhappy condition likewise; it is said in the schools where these matters are taught, that the Barber is the unkindest trade of all to the gentlemen of the alphabet, as he ties up *Q's* (queues) and puts two *e's* (toupees) into irons. Such is philological science; to what interesting discoveries may it not give rise, when even an alphabetical arrangement can put us in possession of such important facts.

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.—*Hamilton.*

THE BLOOD-GUILTINESS OF REFORM.

The French reformers began, like our English reformers of the present day, by insulting and calumniating its ministers. The coscience of men having thus become hardened against the scenes of right and wrong, society was dissolved, and France exhibited to the world one wide abyss of vice, impurity, anarchies, pillage, and bloodshed.—In like manner, if England, in this her hour of trial, shall forget her God, and spurn the blessed institutions which she owes to the mild, and free, and benignant influence of Christianity—that God will harden her heart, and deliver her children over to the wickedness of their own imaginations. Reader! we ask not your belief in the word of any child of man; we do but sketch the lineaments of that hideous and notorious offspring of reform, out of whose womb proceeded the horrible murders detailed in the following authentic "catalogue of blood." Though it may chill each drop in your veins into so many globules of ice, look steadily upon it—meditate upon its origin and authors—and then ask of your wives, your children, and your kindred, whether Heaven itself does not call upon you to aid in rescuing your native soil from the pollutions of the ambitious, and the wicked advices of the covetous? We repeat it, look with an earnest and inquiring eye on this harrowing picture.

Victims to Insurrection in France.

Guillotined.	
Of nobility, nobles	1
Do. females	750
Laborers and mechanics, workmen	1,467
Of religious orders, priests	320
Do. do. males	1,135
Of other classes, males and females	13,620
	17,313
Females who died in premature labor	3,400
Pregnant women, &c.	540
Women killed in Vendee	15,000
Children, do	25,000
Brought to an untimely end during the convulsions in La Vendee	30,000
Victims under the proconsulate of Carrier at Nantz, viz:	
Children, sent*	2,000
Priests drowned	1,500
Females, do	90
Females drowned	800
Clergy shot	300
Clergy drowned	600
Individuals of noble families drowned	1,600
Merchants, &c. drowned	3,300
Killed by other murderers	2,000
Victims at Lyons	31,000
Total	1,031,393

Yet this black catalogue does not comprise the massacres at Versailles, and Carmes, l'Abbaye, the Glacière d'Avignon, the fusillades at Toulon and Marseilles, after the taking of those towns, and the bloody deed at Bedoin, in Provence, where the entire population of the town was exterminated.

And how was this wholesale carnage brought about? The King and his ministers were foremost in the work of innovation; one reform followed quick upon the heels of another;—change became as indispensable to the maddened mind, as daily bread to the craving body;—and a man revelled at the sight of blood, as the sinking Arab rejoices at the sight of the well-spring in the desert.

Every good man is our brother; and we adjure him, in the imperishable words of unearthly wisdom, that "he kindle not the coals of the sinner, lest he be burnt with the flame of his fire."

* Hear the report of these infanticides, drawn by the pen of Prudhomme, himself a staunch reformer:—"Five hundred children of both sexes, of whom the oldest was not more than fourteen, were tied two to one and the same cord to be shot. Never was there a scene more piteous and frightful: the keenness of their stature saved many from the effect of the volley; they unloosed their bonds, crept from into the ranks of their executioners, sought refuge between their legs, and threw their arms violently around them, raising their innocent and horror-struck countenances imploringly to these savages. But nothing could screen their inhuman purpose—they murdered them at their feet!"

WHAT IS MEANT BY A GENTLEMAN.—There is something strangely attractive in the character of a *gentleman*, when you employ the word emphatically, and yet in that sense of the term which it is more easy to feel than to define. It neither includes the possession of high moral excellence, nor of necessity even the ornamental graces of manner. I have now in my mind's eye a person whose life would scarcely stand scrutiny even in a court of honour, much less in that of conscience; and his manners, if nicely observed, would, of the two excite an idea of awkwardness rather than of elegance, and yet every one who conversed with him felt and acknowledged the *gentleman*. The secret of the matter I believe to be this:—We feel the gentlemanly character present to us whenever, under all the circumstances of social intercourse, and trivial not less than the important, through the whole *detail* of his manners and deportment, and with the ease of a habit, a person shows respect to others in *such a way* as at the same time implies, in his own feelings, an habitual and assured anticipation of reciprocal respect from them to himself. In short, the *gentlemanly* character arises out of the feeling of equality as a habit, yet flexible to the varities of rank, and modified without being disturbed or superseded by them.—*Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.*

THE NEW CAP.—The beautiful effects of what some people stigmatize by the name of luxuries or superfluities, is well exemplified in a simple little story related by Dr. Franklin. "The skipper of a shallop," he says, "employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it. But, said he, it proved a dear cap to our congregation. How so?—When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds. True said the farmer, but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was, nevertheless, an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittings for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue, and increase to a much greater value, and to answer better purposes. Upon the whole, I was more reconciled for this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happy by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF POISONING.—CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was yesterday held before Mr. Baker, at the Spotted Dog, Poplar, on the body of Amelia Bates, a girl of eleven years of age. The deceased had been placed out as servant in September last, by the parish, to Mr. Smith, who resides at Poplar, and is Deputy Superintendant of the East India Company's Almshouses there, by whom it was proved she had been uniformly well treated. About three weeks since, Mrs. Smith observed her apparently labouring under the effects of intoxication. She rebuked her, but the girl said she had taken nothing but some heads of a lime tree. Mrs. Smith then gave her a dose of salts, and she recovered. About ten days afterwards, Mrs. Smith observed her in the same state, and the girl then said she had only been eating an herb that grew in the garden. This, it appears, is an herb called "monkhood," and it was sent to Mr. Beale, a surgeon, who intimated that it would produce the effect observed in the girl, and that it should be removed from her reach. Mr. Smith accordingly dug up all the plants which were useless and threw them over the wall of his garden. On the evening of the day on which he did this, the deceased again became stupid, and though the usual remedies were resorted to, she died on Wednesday last. The fellow-servant of the deceased said that she had on one or two occasions told her that something which she got in the garden made her just as merry as the beer used to make her father in the country, only it did not make her swear quite as much. Mr. Beale proved that the herb was of a narcotic poisonous nature, and was the cause of the death of the deceased. The jury expressed an opinion that the deceased did not use the "monkhood" with a view of destroying her life, but merely to produce those sensations which she described to her fellow-servant, and they returned a verdict accordingly

As human nature is subject to many wants, the Almighty has ordained that we should live together, and that numbers, by helping each other, should procure those conveniences which no man alone could obtain.

Fancy Studs, Buttons, &c.

AN assortment of pearl, richly gilt, and fancy studs, military ball, eagle and United States Army and Navy Buttons, pearl and ivory base up coat do every variety of plain and fancy gilt and plated vest and coat, steel, ivory, pearl, lustre base, japanned and metal buttons. Also, steel and gilt watch chains, seals and keys, waist and stock buckles, with a great variety of other articles, for sale by

GEO. SPACKMAN,
april 16—tf 15 South Third street.

Upholstery Furnishing Rooms,

S. W. Corner of Third and Walnut Streets.

JUST received a splendid lot of ADAMS' Patent Swelled Rosewood Window BEDSTEAD, with high and low post, large and small size.

Also, a great variety of BOSTON Spring Seat ROCKING CHAIRS, some of which are very elegant.

Also, a few dozen of extra fine large size CANTON and TRANSPARENT BLINDS.

A good assortment of pure curled Hair MATTRESSES and RATTAN PALAIS is constantly on hand, and UPHOLSTERY Work of every description executed with taste and economy by

may 12—ly J. HANCOCK & CO.

470 Silver Watches,

FROM $3 50 to $10 each warranted to run. Patent Levers, Gold and Silver of the most approved makers. 1,500 pair Gold Ear Rings, from 75 cts to $20 00 per pair. 3,100 Breast Pins and Finger Rings from $2 00 to $36 per doz. A variety of fancy goods, Steel and Gilt Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and Thimbles, &c. &c. &c. For wholesale at reduced prices, and on liberal terms. Most of the above goods manufactured and for sale by B. ROBINSON, at his store No. 62 Market street, between Second and Third streets one door above Strawberry street, south side. feb. 26—3m

REMOVAL.

STEPHEN NORTH

HAS removed his WHOLESALE DRUG & CHEMICAL STORE, from No. 17 Franklin Place, near the Post Office, to No. 30 North Third street, within two doors of Arch street. (west side.)

To Country Merchants and Others.

The subscribers having entered into partnership in the above business of Wholesale Druggists and Chemists, respectfully inform their friends and the public that every attention will be paid to the orders they may receive, both as to the selection of the purest articles and the despatch with which such orders will be executed

STEPHEN NORTH
jan. 8—tf EDWARD C. ALLEN.

Superior Cast Steel Edge Tools.

MANUFACTURED by Dunlop, Madeira & Co. Lemmon Works, Chambersburg, Pa. Carpenters', Ship Carpenters' and Coopers' Tools, of all kinds; Butcher's Choppers and Cleavers; Felling Axes; Chisels; Drawing Knives; Hatchets, &c. manufactured of the best steel, and if not good to be returned.

Also, a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, for sale low, wholesale and retail, at

LESLEY & MERIDITH'S
Hardware Store, No. 243 Market street, six doors above Sixth street, Philadelphia. nov. 19—tf

Morocco Manufactory.

THE Subscribers take this method to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have commenced the Morocco Leather Manufacturing, to all its various branches, at the old established stand, formerly occupied by Thomas Steel, No. 81 St. John street, second door above Willow street, formerly called Pey's Run N. L. where they intend to have constantly for sale a general assortment of Morocco, of all the various colours and finish, which they will dispose of on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.

Persons using the above article would do well to call and examine for themselves.

N. B Orders for Morocco, from any part of the United States, will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. FRITZ & COFFMAN.

march 5—6m

Glass Cutting Factory

THE subscriber still continues the Glass Cutting Business in all its various branches, and has at his store, No. 68 North Third street, Philadelphia, a very extensive assortment of all kinds of Glass, Cut, plain and pressed furniture knobs, &c. of all kinds.—Country Merchants and others are requested to call and examine previous to purchasing, as every article will be sold at the lowest factory price by R. S. RISLEY. oct. 23—tf

MONEY

ADVANCED on deposits of Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Plate, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Beds, Bedding, Furniture, Wearing Apparel, &c. &c. to any amount and on the most liberal terms, by E. BRUNER,

Widow of the late Benj. Brunker, Pawnbroker, South East corner of Fifth and South streets.

N. B. Thankful for past favours, E. B hopes for a further continuance of them. may 14—3m

Dr. A. G. Hull's Patent Hinge Truss

For the Relief and Cure of Hernia or Rupture

DR. A. G. HULL respectfully informs those laboring under this complaint, that his highly approved Truss, adapted to the different species of the disease to which adults and children are subject, may be obtained at the Office, No. 26 North Eighth street, where professional attention will be given to the treatment of the complaint in all its varieties. oct 23—1y

Musical Boxes.

THE subscriber has just received three hundred Musical Boxes with American tunes, in addition to his former stock of watches, jewellery, and silver ware, &c. which will be sold low, wholesale or retail, at his store, No. 80 Market street, between Second and Third streets, next door to the Indian King Tavern.

may 14—6t* WM. RAILY.

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

No 23 MINOR STREET.

S. POTTER is agent for several of the most extensive Paper Manufacturers in the United States, and keeps constantly on hand, at the lowest mill prices, for cash or approved notes, almost every description of Paper made in this country.

Orders from abroad thankfully received and promptly attended to. march 12—tf

Journal of the Franklin Institute.

NO. 5, Vol. 7, for May, 1831, published Monthly by the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts. Each number containing 72 pages, which form two volumes annually of 432 pages each. Engravings on copper and on wood, accompany those subjects which require them.

Price Five Dollars per annum.

Persons wishing to receive the work can have it sent to them through the mail by addressing the "Actuary of the Institute," or either of the Agents throughout the United States. may 28—3t

New Ribbons.

C. McKARAHER has opened, at his Store No. 27 North Second street, opposite Christ Church, in addition to his large assortment of Ribbons and Fancy Goods, new and handsome Spring Ribbons for Bonnet and Cap trimming, plain colored Ribbons assorted, from No. 1 to No. 30. Satins, Florences, Gauze Scarfs and Shawls, Waist and Guard Ribbons fine Hookin Mats and Gloves, with a variety of fancy articles which he offers wholesale and retail.

N. B. Fine India and Travelling Baskets, New English and India Blinds. march 12—tf

Morocco and Fancy Leather

Manufactory of the late Geo Wilson, dec'd.

THE customers of the late GEORGE WILSON, and the public generally, are respectfully informed that the business is continued at the old stand No. 35 North Third street, under the firm of Doyle & McNeely, by Hugh Doyle, who has attended to the sales and business of the store for the last twelve years, and by William T. McNeely son-in-law of the late George Wilson, and who has had, for some time past, the charge of the manufacturing department. Having purchased of the Administrators all the stock in trade of the deceased, and having taken a lease of his extensive manufactory, they intend to continue the business as heretofore. From the experience they have had in the establishment for so many years they feel assured that they will be able to give satisfaction to those who have heretofore dealt there, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their custom, as well as that of the public generally. They have on hand and manufacture PARCHMENT AND VELUM, and the different sorts of Morocco and fancy leather, suitable for saddlers, saddlers, hatters, glovers, suspender manufacturers, shoemakers, &c. All of which will be disposed of on reasonable terms. Orders from a distance put up with care and despatch on the most favourable terms.

HUGH DOYLE,
may 14—3t WM. T. McNEELY.

NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

Taught at the corner of South and Race streets, opposite Franklin Square.

THIS SYSTEM has proved its superior qualities over all others; the ease and rapidity which it gives to every hand (both right and left) is unparalleled. This fact is admitted by all who have made trial of it, not only Americans but Englishmen. The Professor Thomas Duncan, a celebrated writer from London, acknowledged it. The eminent superiority of this system over all others now in use is amply sustained by the highest recommendations. The learner can acquire with certainty in a short time an easy, elegant and extremely rapid hand. The unerring principles of this system are such that many persons have acquired an elegant hand writing a few hours; but the subscriber has had so much experience in this valuable art, that he knows there are various capacities, and the discipline required according to the aptness of the student therefore it is his determination to complete all who place themselves under his tuition in a superior hand Writing, if due attendance and attention is given by them.

References to Gentlemen of the first respectability and taste will be given.

N B His rooms are open from five A. M. to ten P. M. Ladies write in separate rooms.

BOOK-KEEPING.

He also informs them that he has completed his new Treatise on Book keeping, and its superiority over all other systems is fully tested by merchants and Bookkeepers of the first taste; his system and perfect mercantile manner of instruction enables his students to acquire in from ten to twenty lessons generally, a superior knowledge of that science, together with his new form of Books, and an unerring Rule for Dr and Cr.

H. MEIGS NEGAL.

EVENING CLASSES, for Ladies and Gentlemen, are now open. may 21—tf

Grindstones and Wove Wire.

A LARGE assortment of New Castle and Nova Scotia Grindstones of every description, warranted to answer the purpose for which they may be recommended.

Also, Wove Wire for Cellar Windows. Apply at MITCHELL & BROOKS,

Floor Store, Fourth street, above Vine, near the Indian.

N. B. Wanted a good Wheat Fan Maker. Two steady persons who understands the business, constant employment and good wages will be given.

june 4—3.*

Spring Goods.

J. FAUSSET, No. 25 South Second street, has opened a handsome assortment of Spring Goods, selected from late importations, which he offers for sale at the lowest market prices; among which are, drab cloths, or summer cloths, a superior article for gentlemen's wear, and ladies riding habits; Persian and mandarin lawns; Organdies, French painted muslins and ginghams; thibet and crepe de Chine shawls and hdfs. in great variety; rich blond gauze and green barege veils; French and English bombazets; superfine gauze flannel, and a great variety of silk goods, &c.

april 16—tf

A Beautiful Country Seat.

FOR SALE, one of the finest FARMS, in a charming healthy situation, on the banks of the Delaware, about fourteen miles from Philadelphia, on the road to New York, between Holmesburg and Bristol, opposite the sign of the half-way house. It contains 103 acres of a very fertile soil, and in a high state of cultivation. A very large fishery of shad is adjoined with it. The buildings are, firstly, a large dwelling house, built in modern style; secondly, all necessary and convenient buildings of husbandry in abundance. The further particulars are to be known on the premises, or with

CHARLES POMER,
may 21—3t* No. 105 North Third street

PHILADELPHIA

Wooden Ware Store.

TO MANUFACTURERS.—The subscriber has just received from the Shakers settlement, a quantity of TEASELS, for dressing Cloths, and a quantity of fresh GARDEN SEEDS, at his Store, No. 235 MARKET Street, near Ninth.

Also, imports manufactures & keeps constantly for sale, wholesale and retail, a general assortment of Cedar Ware, and all kinds of Wooden Ware. Also, a great variety of French travelling baskets, ladies' fancy baskets, BOSTON Rocking Chairs, Curled Maple Tubs, Sieves, Brooms, Butter Prints, and many other articles from the Shaker Settlement, together with a general assortment of house keeping articles, which will be disposed of at the lowest